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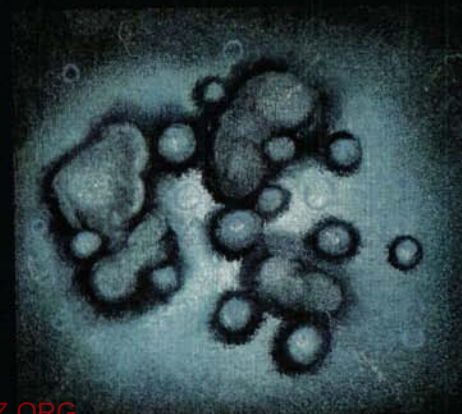
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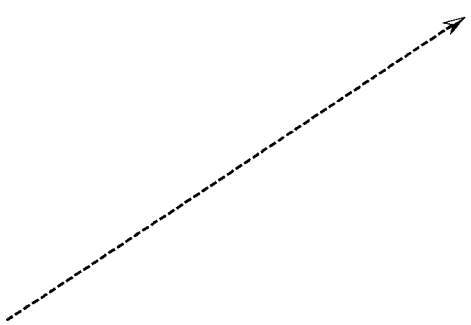
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FROM WASHINGTON

The Madison curse

If Bill Clinton wants to avoid failure, he desperately needs to focus his presidency on one or two major issues. How do I know this? Because in the last three weeks, according to the NEXIS database, there have been 201 separate stories in *The Washington Post* and *The New York Times* containing the words "Clinton" and "focus."

The next word to appear in 201 stories about Clinton will probably be "comeback." Kevin Phillips stole a march on the pack in a recent *Post* thumbsucker titled "The Comeback Kid, Part II." But I want to suggest another, more pessimistic angle: Clinton is failing, he'll keep failing and it's not his fault. It's James Madison's.

I'm serious about this. Clinton is having trouble getting the American government to produce results because the American government was designed by the Framers of the Constitution to not produce results. The Framers wanted a government that wouldn't act abusively. They achieved their goal by creating a government in which action of any sort is difficult, requiring the assent of three independent power centers (president, Senate and House). It's a gridlock machine.

If Clinton can't make this balky mechanism work, should we blame him or the mechanism? It's not as if he's an incompetent. In virtually every respect, he's more capable than the last Democratic president. Indeed, it's still possible to nurture the hope that he will avoid the Constitution's trap through a near-superhuman exhibition of political skill. But such skills shouldn't be necessary.

Take "focus." Clinton, we're told, must be faulted because he's proposed a budget, along with health care reform, campaign finance reform, a national service plan and an "enterprise zone" plan. Instead he should pick one issue at a time and drum up support through a single-minded p.r. campaign. Maybe that's what it takes to get legislation out of the rebellion-prone House and Senate. But do we really want a government that can only do one thing at a time? It's

not as if campaign reform, national service, etc., aren't worthwhile initiatives. I could even think of some additional items (e.g., welfare reform) that would be high priorities of a government that really tackled the nation's problems.

It's even too much, apparently, for Clinton to pick one domestic issue and one foreign policy issue. This was the implicit premise in much of the punditry about Bosnia. Air strikes? Troop deployments? "How can he do that at the same time as he's trying to push his economic program and health care on the Hill?" asks NBC's Andrea Mitchell. But while there is a good moral and strategic argument that America shouldn't intervene in the Balkans, it is surely not a good moral argument that says Bosnians must die because the American Congress is incapable of debating both a military exercise and a modest deficit reduction. How are we to be the "world's only superpower" with a government that can't walk and chew gum at the same time?

Real governments don't need "focus." They can move on several fronts at once. They elect leaders, give them enough power to act and then hold them accountable. This is what parliamentary governments do. In a parliamentary system, Clinton would have been elected along with a legislature that would expeditiously enact his agenda. If the legislature lost confidence in him, he (and they) could be replaced.

Parliamentarism was the honorable obsession of the longtime author of this column, the late Richard Strout. Strout noted that "with a parliamentary system like Canada's, the United States could have dealt with Watergate two months after it was discovered." For this, Strout was upbraided by Arthur Schlesinger Jr., who argued that a parliamentary system was a poor way to counter an "imperial presidency," since it would make the executive branch stronger. But even Schlesinger conceded that "Parliament has marked superiority in the promptness and efficiency with which it delivers legislation." This superiority would be appreciated today.

The most visible product of our current "gridlock" is the federal deficit. Canada has a deficit too—but it also has a system in which the prime minister controls the legislature. So how is Canada doing? It cut its deficit from 8.7 percent of GDP in 1984-85 to 5.1 percent in 1991-2. Meanwhile, the United States succeeded in cutting its deficit from 5.6 percent of GDP to ... well, to 5.8 percent. In 1990 Canadian Prime Minister Brian Mulroney proposed—and enacted—a national sales tax of about 2 percent of GDP (equivalent to a U.S. tax of more than \$100 billion). Canada's budget is now expected to be in surplus

by 1998. Clinton, meanwhile, is struggling to pass a far smaller energy tax. Even if he somehow enacts his entire plan, our budget will come nowhere near balance.

Parliamentary systems, of course, have well-known weaknesses, including the possibility that minor parties will proliferate and occasionally hold the balance of power. But there are semiparliamentary reforms that would minimize this danger while also giving our presidents a fighting chance to get something accomplished. Here are three:

The "team ticket": Every four years congressional candidates would run as a "team" with the presidential and vice presidential candidates of their party. Voters could not split their ballots (just as they cannot now split the presidential ticket). This would virtually assure that any president would enter office with at least a majority in the House. Doesn't Clinton already have a House majority? Of course. But what he doesn't have is a system in which House members know that if he fails, they are likely to go down to defeat with him in four years. Significantly, minor parties couldn't prosper in this regime. To have influence in the Electoral College, they would still have to carry at least one state.

The Yeltsin Solution: Recalcitrant legislature blocking your president's program? Give him authority, once or twice a term, to frame a referendum and put it to a vote of the nation. The mere threat of a referendum on, say, a no-nonsense budget package should be enough to keep Congress in line.

The no-confidence vote: If the executive is to get more power, we must address Strout's concern and provide a way to remove presidents who misuse that power. Wouldn't no-confidence votes produce weak, Italian-style governments? Phillips says that if Clinton faced such a vote in "a parliament with 330 Democrats, 225 Republicans, 100 Perotists, 20 Jacksonians and eight Libertarians, he could be a former chief executive by Memorial Day." Not very likely, as long as all those politicians knew that if they voted Clinton out they'd trigger a new election in which they, as well as the president, would have to run.

None of these reforms will happen, certainly not while Clinton is around. Instead, he will flail away, trying to "focus," trying to use the "bully pulpit," trying anything to mobilize the legislatures while the commentators chide him for his failure. It's a little like one of those "Candid Camera" routines where the audience laughs at the poor sucker who tries to open a nailed-shut window. But the joke is wearing thin.

MICKY KAUS



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FOUNDED 1914
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ISSUE 4,089

- 4 **MICKEY KAUS** TRB: THE MADISON CURSE Real governments don't need "focus."
- 6 **CORRESPONDENCE** The limits of mental health, Dill's real last name, &c.
- 9 **THE EDITORS** THE GERUND GAP The real cause of Clinton's problems.
- 10 **THE EDITORS** IRVING HOWE An appreciation of a friend and contributor.
- 11 **NOTEBOOK** Washington's Jurassic schmooze, Hawaiian honeymoons &c.
- 12 **DEFENSE DEPARTMENT INSPECTOR GENERAL** RHINO SPUNK Tailhook's gory details.
- 13 **MICHAEL LEWIS** WASHINGTON SCENE: UNDERSEXED Live from the Packwood hearings.
- 14 **ERIC KONIGSBERG** UMESS A visit to the post-p.c. wasteland in Amherst.
- 16 **CHARLES LANE** BOSNIA POSTCARD: BEYOND PALE Among the recalcitrant Serbs.
- 18 **STEPHEN MORRIS** QUANGMIRE Why I was right about Vietnam's POWs.
- 19 **JUDITH MILLER** MUAMMAR DEAREST An interview with the new Qaddafi.
- 22 **NIAL FERGUSON** EUROPA NERVOSA The real reason the Europeans don't want to go to war in Bosnia is historical. A guide to the roots of their fear of commitment.
- 24 **JOHN B. JUDIS** ROUGHER TRADE Does Clinton have a coherent trade policy? And does anybody else in the administration agree with it? A report from the front.
- 30 **STANLEY KAUFFMANN** ON FILMS: DOUBLES Kevin Kline has a light touch in *Dave*.
- 31 **MINDY ALOFF** HAVING IT ALL *Push Comes to Shove* by Twyla Tharp
- 35 **JAGDISH BHAGWATI** ROUGH TRADE *Who's Bashing Whom? Trade Conflict in High-Technology Industries* by Laura D'Andrea Tyson
- 40 **E. V. THAW** CONNOISSEUR ABROAD *Splendid Legacy: The Havemeyer Collection*, Metropolitan Museum of Art
- 42 **SVEN BIRKERTS** INVISIBLE MAN *Divine Days* by Leon Forrest
- 44 **DAVID BARBER** POEM *Autumnal Primer*
- 46 **JACOB WEISBERG** WASHINGTON DIARIST: MALAISE

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CORRESPONDENCE

Myths of mental illness

To the editors:

In "How Bill Can Blow It" (April 26) you lend support to the myth that there is real illness and then there is mental illness. Mental illness is real, it is physical and determined by brain chemistry, and it costs this nation more, particularly in terms of lost worker productivity, than any other illness type but cardiac.

For mental illness, as for all types of illness, it is necessary to determine specific diagnoses and treatments to be covered by insurance. Studies by the National Institute of Mental Health show that specific mental illnesses, including major depression, manic depression and schizophrenia, can now be diagnosed by psychiatrists based on standardized criteria with at least 80 percent agreement, and that at least 80 percent of those treated appropriately benefit from treatment. Both these figures compare favorably with figures for those treated for cardiac illness. Failure to treat sufferers early, primarily with medication, on an

outpatient basis frequently leads to the necessity of later hospitalization, sometimes against the sufferer's will, and largely at public expense. On the other hand, appropriate treatment can transform people into productive, employed citizens.

Like AIDS sufferers and gays, those suffering from mental illness also suffer from the stigma directed against them by a large segment of our society. It is sad to see TNR providing a voice for such stigma.

ALVIN F. MARTIN
Potomac, Maryland

To the editors:

As the father of a paranoid schizophrenic son who has suffered this mental illness for thirteen years and with no end in sight, I am one of those who have been advocating a "level playing field" for the treatment and care of the mentally ill in any future health care program. Anyone who has lived with and/or observed a severely mentally ill person would wonder why \$1 million of lifetime insurance coverage for a physical ailment is justifiable, but only \$10,000 of lifetime insurance is the norm for mental illness—when it is available. My son has exhausted his resources and is dependent on Medicaid, Medicare and Blue Cross-Blue Shield insurance, and

ultimately on me. Many others are not so fortunate to have that level of support.

JAMES E. WILKINSON
Barre, Vermont

L.A. story

To the editors:

I believe that Harold Meyerson missed the point. What is really missing in L.A. is not more or less politics ("Falling Down," May 3). Rather, it is the foundation politics is based upon—a feeling of Social Contract.

The reason T.V. stations do not broadcast L.A. political news and events is probably that they discovered a complete lack of interest from their audience. And the reason the audience is not interested in L.A. politics is that the voters have reduced their expectations from the state, the county and the city to a minimum. Meyerson gives the indicators himself: flight from the crumbling public school system, increasing reliance on private policing, walling-in and gating of private communities and dismemberment of the welfare system.

Thus, in contrast with other communities in the United States, voters in L.A. do not expect to improve or resurrect these basic functions of government (protection, education, welfare). Instead, in growing numbers they vote for propositions that effectively dismantle the system by eliminating its funding and opt for any possible privately funded substitutes. These feelings were the basis for the tax revolt and Proposition 13, which in itself accelerated the process. These feelings also explain the reason for the expected defeat of the current measure to increase the number of LAPD cops, or the large support for the California school voucher measure, which may deliver the final blow to the public education system.

Southern California, with its multicultural and multiethnic structure, is not likely to develop a cohesive Social Contract in the foreseeable future. Therefore, it is not likely to be pursuing the Swedish Welfare State model, or anything close. Instead, new democratic models may need to be pursued, models that would delegate maximum tax and government responsibilities to reasonable size communities—still the functioning backbone of this area. Interest in local politics will follow.

JOSEPH ZERNIK
Beverly Hills, California

Learning experience

To the editors:

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inviting the likes of Franjo Tudjman to the opening of the Holocaust Museum in Washington (Notebook, May 3). If we forbid anti-Semites and other oppressors from entering its doors, the museum will be unable to perform one of its primary functions. Let's invite all such heads of state; make them tour the exhibits; and aggressively challenge the self-serving statements they are bound to make. Whether they go home chastened or unrepentant, at least we will have tried.

PAUL D. GOTTLIEB
Princeton, New Jersey

Notes on Robben Island

To the editors:

Richard Stengel's "Rockin' Robben" (May 3) is on pretty rocky ground with regard to some basic facts. Jan van Riebeeck settled Cape Town in 1652 (not 1452), and the waters surrounding Robben Island are certainly not shark-infested. The water is very cold and the currents are very treacherous. Robben Island is bad enough—it needs no further erroneous sensationalizing.

GILLIAN BERCHOWITZ
Athens, Ohio

Second opinion

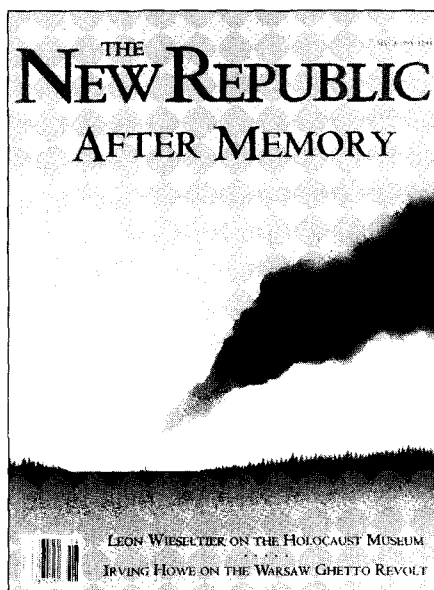
To the editors:

Benjamin and Janet Wittes, in their criticism of the mandated inclusion of women and minorities in scientific research trials ("Group Therapy," April 5), imply that the exclusion of women and minority patients from research studies is usually based on a "scientific rationale," and provide their *own* rationale that the different races and sexes "have more biological similarities than differences." In fact, the little research that has been conducted on this subject has shown just the opposite.

The disparities between the sexes are especially apparent in the study of cardiovascular disease, the leading cause of death for women in the United States. Contrary to the authors' assertion, more women than men now die from coronary artery disease, according to the American Heart Association's most recent statistics (for 1987 and 1988). Yet the major heart disease research has been conducted almost exclusively on men—the landmark 1988 aspirin/heart attack study and the recent large-scale cholesterol study, both involving thousands of men and not one woman, are the two most blatant examples. Treatments based on male-only research have simply been extrapolated for women. For example, thrombolytic therapy and

coronary artery bypass grafting have now become significant mainstay therapies for both men *and* women, yet recent research shows that women receive less benefit and have higher complication and morbidity rates under such treatment. As a result of being regarded as "biologically similar" to men, women patients appear to be treated inadequately or even put at greater risk.

The National Institute of Aging's historic investigation of human aging studied no women for its first twenty years. And in the field of psychiatry, where the majority of patients receiving medication are women, there is still little or no



scientific understanding of the female hormonal system's interaction with drug therapy.

LEAH J. DICKSTEIN, M.D.
President, American Medical Women's Association
Alexandria, Virginia

Freund and Frankfurter

To the editors:

Although we will never be sure, it is unlikely that President Kennedy would have nominated Paul Freund to the Supreme Court to succeed Justice Charles Whittaker in early 1962, contrary to Jeffrey Rosen's suggestion in his fascinating article on Justice Byron White ("The Next Justice," April 12). Kennedy would hardly have turned to a Harvard intellectual to replace a Midwestern conservative over an old friend from the same region of the country, especially for his first appointment to the Court.

But Kennedy might well have appointed Freund to succeed Felix

Frankfurter, who retired in mid-1962, had Freund not rejected Kennedy's offer to be solicitor general in order to remain at Harvard to edit a history of the Supreme Court.

In late 1960 I happened to visit Freund, a former teacher of mine, moments after he ended a telephone call with Frankfurter. Freund had consulted Frankfurter on Kennedy's offer of solicitor general, and he told me that Frankfurter had urged him to reject it. Frankfurter reminded Freund that he had turned down a similar offer from President Roosevelt (and an earlier one to sit on the Massachusetts Supreme Judicial Court) and nevertheless made it to the Supreme Court. According to Freund, Frankfurter also stressed the importance of the Supreme Court history.

In any case, Freund did decline Kennedy's offer, and with it a strong chance for the Supreme Court. Arthur Goldberg, whom Kennedy appointed to replace Frankfurter, resigned from the Court in 1965, at President Johnson's urging, for a brief tenure as U.S. ambassador to the U.N. Nothing would have led Freund to resign. He died only last year and would have made a splendid Supreme Court justice.

NORMAN DORSEN
New York University School of Law
New York, New York

Dill pickle

To the editors:

As a pedant of some note, I feel obligated to point out a small error. Michael Lewis, in his Washington Diarist ("Toy Goy," April 26), says that the character Dill in Harper Lee's *To Kill a Mockingbird* was given no last name, "perhaps to emphasize his rootlessness." Rootlessness? I don't think so. In chapter one, when Dill first encounters Jem and Scout, the first words out of his 6-year-old mouth are the boastful "My name is Charles Baker Harris. I can read." (I'm glad someone can.) Although I may agree with Lewis's eighth-grade observation that it would have been funnier had Dill's father been named Robert Doe, I'm afraid it was Harris. Sorry.

KENNETH E. STEINFELD
Newton, Massachusetts

Peanuts

To the editors:

Now that you've outed Snoopy (Notebook, April 26), does this mean he'll no longer be allowed to face off against the Red Baron?

JOHN PAPPAS
Glen Burnie, Maryland

Where We Stand

By Albert Shanker, President
American Federation of Teachers

A Landmark Revisited

Recently I re-read "A Nation At Risk," the landmark report that started the education reform movement, and I was surprised at what I found. After 10 years, some of the words and ideas were still familiar, but I wasn't prepared for an exposition of what we would now call "systemic reform": figuring out what we want students to know and be able to do and making sure that all parts of the education system—standards, curriculum, textbooks, assessments, teacher training—move simultaneously toward the achievement of agreed-upon goals. This is the way successful school systems in other industrial democracies work, and it is why their students achieve at a much higher level than ours.

We didn't recognize the revolutionary thesis of "A Nation At Risk" because we associated the report with Ronald Reagan. He opposed a federal role for education, and the solutions he proposed for complicated problems were simple and mischievous—for example, merit pay and vouchers. In fact, the report came from an independent commission appointed by Secretary of Education Terrel Bell, who had a very different agenda. Nevertheless, it was easy to ridicule something that emphasized the importance of subject matter and standards as an old-fashioned piece of nonsense.

States that tried to implement "A Nation At Risk" picked a few parts that were relatively easy to carry out and ignored the rest. For example, course requirements were increased in some places without looking at course content or changing the tests to bring them in line with the courses or making grades count for students. This approach to reform is like trying to build a four-legged stool with only one leg, and it's no surprise that student achievement hardly improved.

What were the important recommendations of the systemic reform "A Nation At Risk" proposed?

■ Along with a call for rigorous content and high standards, the report took a stab at defining content standards in some basic subjects. And recognizing that if there was a single set of performance standards, it would be fixed at a minimum level, the report recommended what successful education systems in other industrialized countries have—different standards because different students function at different levels. At the same time, it stressed the necessity of demanding "the best effort and performance from all students" and giving them the help they would need to meet those demands.



States that tried to implement the report picked a few parts that were easy to carry out and ignored the rest. This approach is like trying to build a four-legged stool with only one leg.

■ In order to see how well students were meeting standards, the report recommended a system of curriculum-based exams. These exams would contrast sharply with the standardized tests we then relied on and still do—that is, tests that are divorced from curriculum and merely show how students or schools compare with one other without any reference to a standard of achievement.

■ While stressing that teachers were not responsible for the terrible condition of education, the report acknowledged what is still true—that it would be hard to raise standards when "not enough academically able students are being attracted to teaching" and when teacher education leans so heavily on generic methods courses that teachers themselves say are worthless.

■ The report found that colleges were partly responsible for poor student achievement. Because many of them had very low standards for admission, students were—and are—under no pressure to do well in high school. The report called on colleges to institute more "rigorous and measurable standards" to encourage higher student achievement.

"A Nation At Risk" was revolutionary in another way. At the time it appeared and since, many reports and studies have been fixated on teacher accountability for student achievement, ignoring the fact that in countries with successful school systems, students, not teachers, are held accountable for their achievement. This report supported student accountability, and that's the note on which it concluded. In the final pages, the authors addressed students directly, telling them that they were responsible, finally, for what they got out of school: "When you give only the minimum to learning, you get only the minimum in return. Even with your parents' best example and your teachers' best efforts, in the end it is *your* work that determines how much and how well you learn." "A Nation At Risk" got this right, too. Educational reforms are useless unless our kids take responsibility for their education, the way students in other countries do.

Until we agree on standards for what students should know and be able to do, assess them on their achievement of those standards and give them a reason to work hard in school by linking their achievement with what they want—access to college or to jobs—we will not raise student achievement. "A Nation At Risk" told us this 10 years ago, but we missed it. If we don't listen now, we'll have 10 more years without progress in student achievement.

Mr. Shanker's comments appear in this ad under the auspices of the American Federation of Teachers. Reader correspondence is invited. Address your letters to Mr. Shanker at the AFT, 555 New Jersey Avenue, N.W. Washington, D.C. 20001. © 1993 by Albert Shanker.

MAY 31, 1993

THE GERUND GAP

The incorrigible Eugene McCarthy put it best in a recent trip to these offices. The Clinton administration is turning out to be all gerunds; there are no nouns or verbs. Everything is process: happening, formulating, consulting, negotiating, evolving (only the staff members are, in the current New Age terminology, "evolved"). It's never quite clear who is actually taking final responsibility (the only noun we can discern right now is "Reno"). And there are virtually no verbs: the only moment when the president actually seemed to *do* something that had a beginning, a middle and an end was his signing of the executive orders liberalizing abortion. And what a long time ago that seems.

Some of this, of course, is the result of our constitutional system, which, as TRB points out this week (see "The Madison Curse," page 4), mitigates against forceful executive action. But not all of it. The unhappening of the Clinton administration has, alas, deeper causes, the most important of which has to do with the governing style of this president. It is not that he has tried to do too much, as he (and Ross Perot!) have somewhat lamely claimed. Far from it: that is precisely what the public demanded and what the president is rightly attempting. It is that he has failed to find a distinction between constructing a policy and implementing it. It is one long, seamless process of negotiation—intellectual and political—in which there seems to be no firm stopping place.

Take the economic plan. It started as a flawed but coherent whole. For a brief moment—fifty-odd minutes of it—during his speech to Congress, Clinton seemed to find himself and his policy. But then the gerundive process resumed. Looking back, what began at the talking shop of the economic summit in Little Rock is still not over. People sensed then that the plan was open to constant renegotiation, and they sense it now. If the energy tax is seriously tampered with (and the tamperers are out in force), the Social Security tax is next. Both are integral to what's left of the package's deficit-cutting

integrity. No wonder business confidence is wobbling.

There's a similar story with the Balkan policy. Clinton managed at one point to articulate a position to the world (armed opposition to the Serbs), but in such a way that he made it seem negotiable from the beginning. Almost immediately, his bluff was called. Once again, the process that came up with the policy seemed inextricable from the process that carried it out. And it is still going on, to the Europeans' bemusement and the Serbs' delight. Real unilateral action, in this as in other areas, seems inconceivable to Bill Clinton.

Or consider the issue of gays in the military—a policy announced the same week the defense secretary stated it could not be implemented—or now, ominously, health care reform. Hillary Clinton (who seems to grasp executive action more effectively than the president does) began by trying to keep the policy formulation sealed from the moment of unveiling. But even then, the administration involved a small army of consultants, who have subsequently been supplemented by a rolling conference of every interest group imaginable—even the Senate Republicans! The plan is being sold as it is being constructed, and negotiated as it is being sold.

All politics is partly process, of course. But it is not *all* process. To be sure, the administration can rightly blame the nihilism of Bob Dole, the arrogance of Sam Nunn, the pusillanimity of the Europeans and the viciousness of the Serbs for many of its woes. But all administrations have rivals and enemies and have to find ways of foiling them. Eventually, they cannot all be appeased. So far, Clinton is confusing management techniques with the skills required to run a country. But governing is not facilitating. It requires moments of surprise and action, not a constant process of consultation, punctuated by the occasional seminar. At times, it even requires the ability to instill fear. This may not come easily to Clinton; but if he fails to master it, his prospects for truly changing this country are dim indeed. •



IRVING HOWE

Irving Howe's first contribution to this magazine appeared in its issue of December 10, 1951. It was a review of E. M. Forster's essays, and it included the following observations:

Occasionally he subverts his own liberalism by a display of impatience with abstract ideas, an unwillingness to think hard about political problems when he speaks on political subjects. "I hate the idea of causes," he remarks a little priggishly, and does not consider that his freedom to hate may depend on other people committing themselves to causes. "If I had to choose between betraying my country and betraying my friend," he continues, "I hope I should have the guts to betray my country." No doubt; but what if the friend had already betrayed the country? It is questions such as these that our time poses, and Forster skirts them cavalierly. Too relaxed and too indulgent, his political essays are little more than civilized patter, neither rising to the rigor of thought nor sinking to the power of emotion.

The same could never be said about Forster's reviewer. Howe skirted nothing cavalierly. There, the first time this magazine heard it, was the Howe voice: intellectually strict ("sinking to the power of emotion!"); bored with gestures; insistent about complication; worried about confusions between politics and culture; concerned to show that criticism did not exclude causes and that causes must live with criticism. Howe's voice became, over the turbulent years, one of this magazine's essential voices. When it was suddenly stilled on May 5, we became permanently poorer.

And not only we. Howe was one of the steadiest minds in modern American life, and one of the most steady. He was not a reactive man, though he reacted to fully a half-century of history and literature. He brought to the events of the day a seriously considered view of the world. His convictions were deep and durable. He was the splendid voice of social democracy, and the scourge of the anti-democratic left, first in the 1940s and '50s, when he bravely helped to rob Stalinism of its legitimacy in American intellectual life, and again in the 1960s and '70s, when the new Stalinists in the New Left met his wrath. Though he started out as a radical (his boyhood memories of the Depression stayed with him all his life), and became an important scholar of radicalism, Howe's temper was not extreme. He had

a keen dislike of settled perspectives, and welcomed the pressure of the world on his view of it. His respect for the contingencies of human life, for the difficulty of living morally amid the hardships of existence, made him a great skeptic about revolutions. Howe was a socialist who really worried about consequences. In that way, too, he was uncommon.

Socialism, of course, died before he did. And, as his memoir, *A Margin of Hope*, affectingly showed, he knew it. But the principles upon which Howe's socialism was based—the dignity of the individual; the impatience with social injustice; the distrust of political eschatologies, and of the religion of history; the belief that the cruelties of capitalism (there are such cruelties!) could be alleviated without the cruelties of revolution—kept his political criticism pertinent. At this magazine we were occasionally the targets of his political criticism. At times our differences became really sharp. But he was, for all his talent for disputation, an intellectually tolerant man; and so it was in Howe's own spirit, we liked to think, that we differed with him.

About other things, about literature and art, we did not differ with him; we hung on his words. The clarity of Howe's critical writings, their freedom from theoretical or ideological cant, their almost bizarre ability to respect the aesthetic values and the ethical values of a novel or a poem with the same intensity—all this was one of the glories of American culture. It was one of Howe's lessons, and we took this lesson very seriously, that the synchronization of culture with politics was the slippery slope to a fake culture and a mean politics.

As a critic, Howe was versatile and various and had what Henry James called "a liberal heart." He did not condescend to art, and he did not worship it. Indeed, he took a special pleasure in the imperfections of the masters: their flaws ratified his humanism, and were an occasion for the wryness with which he diversified his seriousness. He championed modernism without a moment's preciousness, and tradition without a moment's piousness. When he wrote about Yiddish literature, certainly, he was one of the great rescuers. (His last essay in our pages, about the uprising in the Warsaw Ghetto, appeared only a few weeks before he died, and it proved that he died with his powers intact.)

"Provide, provide," Irving Howe liked to say, after the title of one of his favorite poems of Frost. Provide and provide he did; and his provisions will nourish us when his presence no longer will. •



NOTEBOOK

JURASSIC SCHMOOZE: The latest exhibit in the Clinton Administration-Hollywood Industrial Complex is the June 9 Washington premiere of Universal's forthcoming movie, *Jurassic Park*. It's a benefit for—yes—the Children's Defense Fund, and counts among its luminaries the familiar roster of Hollywood hangers-on. Whoopi Goldberg, Spike Lee, Norman Lear, Jeffrey Katzenberg, Barbra Streisand, etc., will once again be schmoozing Pat Schroeder, George Mitchell, John Dingell and Christopher Dodd. But the best part of the evening is the response card, which invites CDF contributors to say, "Yes, I/We would like to be a Tyrannosaurus Rex. . . . \$50,000 . . . Yes, I/We would like to be a Brachiosaur . . . \$25,000 . . . Yes, I/We would like to be a Velocipractor." Only Hollywood Democrats would be lining up to spend thousands of tax-deductible dollars for the privilege of becoming extinct.

HYPE 'EM UP, KNOCK 'EM DOWN, HYPE 'EM UP: "A Hidden Epidemic: Sexual abuse of children is far more common than most Americans suspect." —cover story, *Newsweek*, May 14, 1984; "Rush to Judgment: America is now at war against child abuse. But some recent cases suggest we may be pushing too far, too fast." —cover story, *Newsweek*, April 19, 1993; "Children of the Cult" —cover story, *Newsweek*, May 17, 1993

LIKE WOW: President Clinton is dissatisfied with his list of Supreme Court candidates. With tacit instructions to find a woman, his aides are now combing state court-houses, legislatures and log cabins across the land to meet the president's most recent command. (According to *The Washington Post*: "Find me somebody who when the name is heard people say, 'Yes. Wow. A home run. That person belongs on the Supreme Court.'") It's hard to fathom why Clinton would trash his first list. Any search for the best liberal judge would point to one of

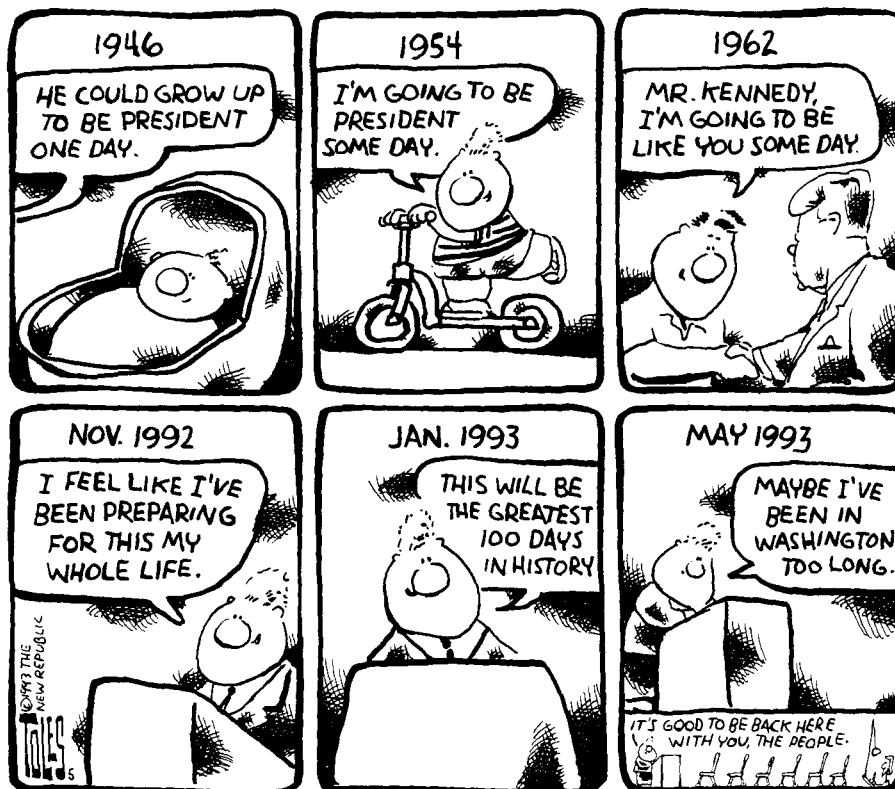
the top three candidates: Richard Arnold, Stephen Breyer or Ruth Bader Ginsburg. The real problem? Only one is a woman, and all have been attacked by interest group extremists. If Clinton is serious about choosing the best, he should stop playing games and pick one of the three. Plucking a justice from obscurity, à la Janet Reno, would be a stunt that liberals cannot afford, and should not forgive.

HERE COMES THE GROOM: Forget gays in the military for a moment. Something equally as important just happened. Hawaii's Supreme Court last week all

but gave homosexuals the right to marry. Refusal to issue marriage licenses to same-sex couples violates the state constitutional right to equal protection, the court held; and it ordered a new trial in which the state will have to offer the most compelling reasons for refusing to permit people to marry the partners they love. (The state's purported interests—promoting procreation and morality—have never been deemed "com-

pellent" in the past.) Assuming it stands, this decision should do for Hawaii what divorces did for Reno: marriages solemnized in one state could be given "full faith and credit" in others. As they celebrate the recognition of this most basic civil right, gay couples can also be grateful that it didn't come from, say, Alaska.

NEW JOKE CITY: We don't find Bill Clinton's brand of humor, as displayed at this year's Correspondents' Dinner, particularly amusing. But it's funny that the two people he offended, and who whined to the media about it, were Bob Dole and Rush Limbaugh. Dole's dark tomfoolery is known to the readers of these pages. And Limbaugh is the man who made "feminazi" and "environmental fascist" part of the language and played "Movin' on Up," the theme song to "The Jeffersons," when discussing Senator Carol Moseley-Braun. If you can't take a joke, don't be one. •



Rhino Spunk

"Tailhook '91," the Defense Department's report of the fabled flyers' conference in Las Vegas, has been reported but not fully quoted. Many publications have refrained from running excerpts; witness The Washington Post editorial page, which said, "The details of what occurred don't belong here." What follows are examples (in no way untypical) of what you've been missing. Keep in mind that these passages have already been bowdlerized by the Pentagon's Inspector General. And that this comes from an organization that believes mere admission of homosexuality by servicemen, with strict rules of conduct, would ruin morale. —The Editors

[The activities of one suite] centered around a hand painted mural of a rhinoceros (approximately 5' x 8') to which was affixed a dildo rigged by squadron members to use as a drink dispensing mechanism. The dildo dispensed an alcoholic based liquid referred to as "Rhino Spunk" [rum, kahlua, milk/cream, ice] by attendees. A squadron member acted as bartender and operated the dispensing machine ... some women would kiss, suck or stroke the dildo to obtain a drink. A number of aviators told us that while in the suite they observed a "deep throat" contest during which women would simulate performing oral sex on the dildo. The crowd would chant "beat the line, beat the line." The chant referred to a line that was placed on the dildo to indicate how much of the dildo the previous woman was able to take into her mouth. ... A male Navy officer was standing in the hallway when he saw a fully clothed female being passed along hand-over-hand above the crowd in the hallway. He thought about participating, but decided against it. He watched as men began stripping off the victim's clothing. Someone yelled "broken arrow" and the victim was dropped to the floor. The witness started moving toward the victim because he thought she might have been hurt, but he suddenly realized that he was the only person in the hallway going toward the victim, while everyone else was running away from the incident. He too then turned and went ... out to the pool patio. ...

[A 35-year-old woman described] standing on the pool patio with her brother [a Navy officer] and her hus-

band, [when] she felt someone brushing up against her. At first she thought the individual was just trying to push through the crowd. She turned around and observed a "white male aviator" walking away. Her brother immediately asked her if she realized that the unidentified man "had his [penis] in her hair." She denied observing the individual's penis, but requested to leave the third floor. ... The victim's brother was a witness to the incident. He stated that he saw an individual standing "unusually close" behind his sister. As he looked at the man, he observed the man's penis was exposed, and he either wrapped his penis in the victim's waist length hair, or was brushing his penis against her hair. When the victim turned to look, the man immediately turned, walked away and got lost in the crowd. He stated that "Even if I could, I don't think I would identify the guy." He said that what happened to his sister was not "wrong in the context of the Tailhook party," and "nobody was hurt."

[There were] a variety of activities engaged in by the strippers and the audience. One witness said that if one of the officers tipped the stripper, she would come over, sit on his lap and rub her breasts in his face. Another witness remembered seeing guys put rolled bills in their mouths, and the strippers retrieved the bills by pressing them between their breasts or by clenching them with their vagina. One witness identified a squadron member who laid on the floor, at least once, if not twice, holding money in his mouth and touching the stripper's buttocks and vaginal area as she squatted over his face to retrieve the money with her vagina. ... Another witness recalled that a lieutenant commander started dancing with the stripper, hovering over her, touching and grabbing her hips. The stripper appeared irritated with the officer. One of the junior officers in the audience asked the lieutenant commander to get out of the way because he was blocking the junior officer's view of the stripper. The lieutenant commander "pulled rank" on the junior officer and nothing else was said. Shortly thereafter, a "chem light" was broken, and the chemical inside the stick was handed to the lieutenant commander who then rubbed the chemical on the stripper. At least four witnesses recalled that the stripper appeared to

have green glowing hand prints all over her body. ... [One woman, an 18-year-old student, went to a hospitality suite on the third floor of the Hilton to get a beer.] A man, whom she described as a large Marine, pinned her arms against her sides, picked her up and twirled her around several times. She screamed for him to put her down, but her screams could not be heard over the loud music in the suite. Some of the people in the suite looked at her as if they thought the incident was funny, but no one came to her aid. The victim said she was "dragged" out of the suite and onto the pool patio where her assailant sat down in a plastic chair, pulling her down into his lap so that she faced him. He raised her shirt to completely expose her breasts, and he roughly applied his mouth to her breasts, neck and face. The man continued his assault for several minutes and then directed that the victim wait while he went to the bathroom. As soon as the man turned to leave, the victim ran from the area.

[Of course, Tailhook's men had problems of their own.] A 27-year-old Navy lieutenant [reported being] ... pinched on the buttocks in the hallway by an unknown person. The hallway was so crowded he "could not tell who was doing what." ... A 33-year-old Navy lieutenant commander [said he] ... was approached by a "tall woman in a knit dress" who walked up to him, grabbed his genitals through his clothing and yelled "package check." She then offered to perform a sex act for money. ... A 26-year-old Navy lieutenant [said that] while walking through the hallway, he was pinched on the buttocks by an unknown woman. A short time later he was grabbed in the crotch by a different woman. He retaliated by pinching the woman on the buttocks. ... A 41-year-old Marine lieutenant colonel ... was standing on the pool patio when he was pinched on the left buttock by an unknown woman. Our [the Pentagon's] investigation disclosed that the "victim" provided false statements to investigators regarding other acts of impropriety at Tailhook '91. When confronted with those discrepancies, he retracted his previous statements. Although he continued to maintain that his statements regarding his assault are truthful as reported, he requested that the matter not be further pursued. •

WASHINGTON SCENE

UNDERSEXED

By Michael Lewis

The massive wooden door to the Senate's Committee on Rules and Administration was locked when I arrived to find out whether Senator Bob Packwood would have to give back his seat to the people of Oregon. It was 10:51 a.m., and though the hearing wasn't scheduled until 2 p.m., there was supposed to be a stampede of spectators curious to see the Senate reform itself. So I propped a chair against the door, opened a copy of Wilfred Thesiger's *Arabian Sands* and waited.

And waited. At 11:41 a.m. a pair of genial elderly ladies arrived carrying shopping bags and waving a map of Washington. "She's from California and she's never been to a hearing," said one about the other. "And this is going to be a big one." We thrilled at being first in line for a big one. The ladies were rooting for the senator, on the grounds that his romantic technique was perfectly acceptable back when he learned it. "Women have gotten so aggressive these days," said one.

We sat together in silence for another hour, when television crews arrived to tape cable to the floor. At 12:45 came three young women in hiking shorts, knapsacks and Roman Centurion sandals. They were followed at 12:52 by two middle-aged couples, who'd become lost on a tour of the Capitol. It emerged that they were visiting from Oregon. When we at the head of the line explained that at any moment hundreds, perhaps thousands, would descend upon the room to witness the destruction of their senator, they decided to stay. At 1:19 two things happened. A blond woman showed up with a T.V. crew and dragged the two middle-aged female Oregonians off to the side, where she asked them to speak for the people of Oregon, which they did with gusto. (The people of Oregon were "keeping an open mind.") And the authorities threw open the massive doors and let the rest of us into the empty Rules Committee chamber.

If senators seem slightly absurd whenever they discuss anything as intimate as sexual harassment, it is partly because government architects never had the subject in mind; our public spaces did not anticipate the recent private turns in the public debate. The empire stucco, long marble hallways and dark wooden doors of the Russell Senate Office Building were not designed to house a full and frank discussion of Packwood's tendency to lunge for all lips and breasts passing through his second-floor office. The hearing room especially, with its giant

Corinthian pilasters and leather-filled bookshelves, steered the mind into a cul-de-sac of anal retention.

Even after we had all piled in there was room enough left for a pair of senators to chase a secretary for days without catching her. The important press people knew that they didn't have to show up early. They knew that there was no chance that Packwood himself would show, or that the Rules Committee would want to enlarge such a delicate subject. At 1:41 the lawyers arrived, occupying seats on either side of the aisle. A member of the C-SPAN crew predicted to me that the senators would turn out in force. "They go wherever the cameras are," he said. "It's disgusting." At 1:58 came the senators: Matthews, Feinstein, Moynihan, Inouye, Ford, Stevens, Hatfield, Helms, Warner and Dole.

Their faces were about as expressive as death masks. It was clear they wanted to see which way the wind was blowing before they entered the slipstream. The moment that the phrase "sexual harassment" passed the lips of the lawyer for the petitioners, Feinstein began taking notes. Almost to a man, her colleagues leaned back and hid their mouths behind their hands. Ford and Helms formed the managerial double bridge: thumb under chin, index finger under nose. Inouye—recently charged with sexual harassment himself (and exonerated)—favored the single limp wrist against the mouth. Hatfield, Packwood's Oregon colleague, balled his fists up against his face so firmly that his nose turned an allergy pink. They had little to fear. A sterile tone was established right away by Stevens, who explained that we were all here to discuss a matter of legal theory, and so there was "no reason to discuss any specific action" of Packwood's. And so we didn't! Bob Packwood's dark private drama was lost in a miasma of legal precedent, about whether he had invalidated his own election by misleading the press and the voters about the harassment charges.

The senators were clearly appalled at the prospect of tossing colleagues out for having lied during a campaign. Chairman Wendell Ford spoke for them all when he said, "The proposal would turn elections into a giant game of gotcha." Feinstein said the petition "opens a Pandora's box for this body." The structure of the conversation echoed perfectly the structure of the room. The senators managed to conduct a three-hour discussion about a Senate sex fiend without once impugning his behavior. It was like sitting down to supper with a complicated family—drunk father, battered mother, pregnant daughter, wayward son—and talking about the weather. In the audience a couple of people actually fell asleep. The attack had been channeled in a way that it could be repelled.

Ford adjourned the meeting, but not before congratulating his fellow senators. "I think we did very well," he said. And they had! Badly in need of stimulation, I made my way down to one of the Senate canteens, bought a cup of coffee and sat down at the table. On it there was a white sticker. It read:

THANK YOU FOR NOT SMOKING.
COMMITTEE ON RULES AND ADMINISTRATION.

A visit to P.C. hell.

UMASS

By Eric Konigsberg

AMHERST, MASSACHUSETTS

In the utilitarian offices of *The Collegian*, the daily newspaper at the University of Massachusetts, editor David Rivera is contemplating the upcoming week's coverage. This Friday, Angela Davis will speak on campus. In post-cold war America at a school of 17,000, it's hardly a big event to host an aging Communist, especially one who hasn't been arrested in twenty years. So what kind of play does Rivera plan on assigning to Comrade Angela's speech? Will he send a freshman reporter to the lecture and hope the kid can deliver a few column inches for the middle pages? Will he even bother with that?

"Three writers, three stories," Rivera says. "One for the Black Affairs page, one for the Multicultural Affairs page, one for the front page, probably." The paper also has special pages or editors for women's, gay, Jewish and Third World affairs. So why not have a piece for the Women's Issues page? "We got rid of that this year," he says. "But we still have a Women's Issues editor. I suppose we could send her, too. Geez, that would be four, wouldn't it?" He chuckles. "Welcome to UMass."

As a campus journalist, Rivera considers himself a wizened veteran of the P.C. wars. He peppers his conversation with words like "ismic" and "politicos" and has his *Collegian* staffers readied to cover UMass's "Rally du jour." And perhaps such a beat has its justification at this school. Few other colleges have recent pasts so storied with racial misery. In 1986 a white-on-black brawl erupted over the World Series, and administrative buildings tend to get occupied once a term.

Last September Arlens Barosy, a black dormitory residential assistant, was punched by a white teen he had chased out of a common room for drinking beer. The kid (who turned out not to be a UMass student but the hometown friend of a student who lived in the dorm) returned to campus the next weekend to scrawl NIG-GRR'S SUCK (sic) outside Barosy's door and smear excrement in the hallway. In protest, students stormed the dormitory shouting "Die, Whitey" at the window of the perpetrator's weekend host. Campus police reported eight more racially motivated incidents the next weekend, including anti-black and anti-Semitic graffiti in dormitories. One night in March, there were three separate black-on-white beatings.

As at many other schools, it's not clear whether college sensitivity inflames or redresses racial tension; and as at other schools, the college paper is a survivor of the war-

fare. Last spring the paper fell victim to a violent takeover in the wake of the Rodney King riots for failing to publish a house editorial condemning the verdict. (That day's edition had, however, run five signed columns that did condemn it.) Protestors demanded a new page devoted to "women of color," separate election procedure to name editors of the special pages and a "co-editor-in-chief-of-color." *Collegian* staffers, unable to get into the office, took the operation underground, publishing from off-campus. The school stocked the campus video-rental shop with tapes of the takeover and hired a private consulting firm, the Harvard Mediation Project, to bring the opposing sides into negotiations.

Some students feel *The Collegian* still doesn't toe the racial line strongly enough. Student assembly president Jen Wood explains that other papers exist on campus. "There's the *Grad Student Voice*—but that's pretty much hegemonious, I suppose," she says. "There's this black paper, *No Mo News*." "That never comes out," says Kevin Noonan, another student-government leader. "It did too," Wood says. "Shut up."

Not all UMass students have the luxury of taking themselves or their school so seriously. In Massachusetts, says Joe Duffy, UMass's chancellor from 1982 to 1991 (and now USIA director-designate), "The state legislature looks down on public universities. Dukakis even called it a less preferred alternative to private education." UMass's secondary status has seen the school's funding diminished by nearly a third over the past four years. "Budget cuts made it almost impossible to attract the highly qualified black students from in-state," says Duffy. "They would all go to Harvard or Tufts or even B.U. We would recruit blacks from out of state who sensed they were there as part of an effort. That's enough pressure to make anybody defensive."

Still, not everyone is in revolt, and at times the racial anger seems more a tactic than a grievance. "People ask me all the time why there aren't more minorities working for *The Collegian*," Rivera says. "It's hard enough to get *anybody* at this school into our office." Dan Wetzel, the papers' former editor, agrees: "It's a pretty apathetic place." "But the administration tells you to blame somebody. So you learn to say, 'I couldn't go to Syracuse because they raised tuition,' when it's really more like, 'Maybe I should have studied in high school instead of going out drinking.'"

I ask a couple of students at the student union whether UMass's reputation as a P.C. haven is undeserved. One of them, wearing a Brockton Football jacket, looks puzzled. "P.C.?" "He means political correctness," his friend says. "Liberals and shit." The first one laughs. "I only know it as Protective Custody." "I don't think it's so bad," the friend answers. "Takeovers and all that, it's the only way anybody gets through to the school."

Even administrators concede the latter point. "Students came to know that's how one operates," says the newly appointed dean of students, Thomas Robinson. Duffy says that leftist students even faked hate crimes on occasion to call attention to their causes. Before he left

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to become president of American University, Duffy had come under pressure for never having a black student arrested for a takeover (he even brought food to a group of black building occupiers) but several times calling the police on whites doing the same thing. "I tried to choose the places I would take a stand against P.C.," Duffy says. "I let the contras speak on campus. I never arrested any blacks, because the only time blacks took over a building it was on a weekend."

Faculty and administrators feel UMass has quite a game of catch-up ahead before its wounds can heal. The school has hired a "director of human relations," whose job includes the campus-wide distribution of rainbow buttons and conducting multicultural workshops at the public high schools in eastern Massachusetts that feed students to UMass. Sensitivity might be ingrained, but interest is another matter. At Angela Davis's speech, I don't see Rivera or Noonan or many other UMass undergrads. The auditorium, in fact, seems populated largely by radical-chic townspeople and students from nearby Smith and Hampshire. Davis is charismatic and predictable. She gets a big cheer when she makes a reference to "Columbus losing himself." She laughs gracefully when someone asks how she can be an animal rights activist and still wear leather pants. The next Monday, I'm surprised to see only one story in *The Collegian* devoted to Davis's lecture. The editors, instead, have settled on a five-part series. •

BOSNIA POSTCARD

BEYOND PALE

By Charles Lane

On the day after the Bosnian Serb parliament voted to reject the Vance-Owen peace plan, I found myself sitting down to a St. George's Day feast at the Serb home of Slavisa Guja, 29, and his extended family in Pale, a ski resort just a dozen miles east of Sarajevo. The table was laden with homemade bread, Russian salad, smoked meat, chicken, steak, bread, pastries and jugs of *slivovitz*. Slavisa turned on the T.V. and popped a tape of his own band's music videos called "Fatherland" into the VCR. Mournful tunes and Slavisa's wailing voice mingled with images of blood and war: Slavisa's special forces unit training on horseback in the snow; Serb refugees fleeing the suburbs of Sarajevo; Christ on the cross.

A shot of the Statue of Liberty rolled by, accompanied by a warning: "America, this is where our destiny is. This is the fatherland of a Serb." The scene from New York harbor dissolved into footage of Hitler's troops, as Slav-

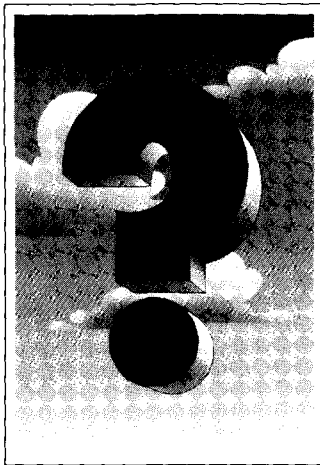
isa sang: "Angry Germans, you have shed enough blood. We haven't forgiven this yet." Finally, Slavisa addressed his Serb brethren across the Drina: "White eagles soar, leading the people to freedom. Serbia, mother, do you hear? This is where you are being defended as well. This is where your destiny lies, too." Over and over, Slavisa's voice chorused: "The Drina is running with blood; the Drina is running with blood." He pointed to the automatic gun hanging from a peg on the wall. "That is my future," he said with what I thought was exaggerated solemnity. "I have traded my guitar for this." But couldn't more war have been avoided if the Bosnian Serb assembly had accepted Vance-Owen? "No," he said, resuming his tone of injured gravity, "no matter how we voted, what the world powers decide will be done."

The fatalism, nationalistic rapture and feelings of victimization of people like Slavisa cast a long shadow over the already dubious referendum in which the Bosnian Serbs will vote on whether to accept the Vance-Owen plan to end the war in Bosnia. The more territory the Serbs cleanse in Bosnia, the more they protest their own vulnerability to genocide. On the way from Pale to Belgrade, I drove the two-lane mountain highway from Vlasenica in Eastern Bosnia to Zvornik on the Drina. It is a road through ruin. Muslim village after Muslim village stands burned and abandoned, red-tiled ghost towns tucked into the green hills. The remains of a mosque lay in a neat pile, the crushed minaret still discernible amid the white rubble. Circular holes, made by tanks and grenade launchers fired from short range, gape in the sides of houses. Jagged black smoke smudges ring smashed-out windows. Graffiti scream "Fuck you" in Cyrillic Serbian characters. A few items of property, left behind by looters, sit on the sidewalks: a table and chairs, a washing machine, bits of clothing. The Serbs' campaign in this area ended more than a month ago. But even now, a couple houses are still burning.

At a checkpoint in the charred and looted center of Nova Kasaba, an old Muslim town, Serb militiamen stood guard amid the destruction and told me of the suffering inflicted on their people by the Muslims. (There were atrocities by Muslims during an ill-fated winter counteroffensive in the area.) But down the road, in Milici, a Serb village, children could be seen walking home from school and skipping rocks in a river, as if the war were a million miles away. The men insisted that what I saw around me was a last-ditch defense against Muslim fundamentalism. The area was designated for Muslim control under the Vance-Owen plan, but they said they would rather die than live together again with their former neighbors. "The American media lie," said Ljubo, 28. "No one asks Serb mothers who lost so many children. What about the Serb women in Sarajevo being kept in brothels?" Ljubo's partner, who wouldn't give his name, chimed in, "Would you want to convert to Islam? Would you want your wife to wear a veil?"

Serbian President Slobodan Milosevic is for Vance-Owen not because he fears for the "destiny" of the Bosnian Serbs, but because he fears that international

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sanctions and the threat of Western air strikes have turned the Bosnian war from a boon to his rule into a threat. Angry and humiliated by his erstwhile Bosnian clients' repudiation of his advice at Pale, Milosevic has cut off the Bosnian Serbs' supplies and angrily summoned their leaders to Belgrade.

This fit of pique has done little except to draw attention to Milosevic's loss of control over Serbia's Bosnian brothers. General Ratko Mladic, the square-jawed commander of the Bosnian Serb army, is the new Bosnian Serb strongman. He seized that role from Milosevic at three o'clock in the morning on the conference's second day. That was when he mounted the podium to deliver his own military-style briefing on the plan. Delegates watched transfixed as he superimposed a transparent map of the Vance-Owen plan on a map of the Serbs' current holdings, showing how much strategic territory the Serbs would give up. Serbs would be confined to islands of territory with only untrustworthy United Nations troops to protect their lines of communication, he said. Then Mladic unveiled his clinching argument: the Vance-Owen map bears a striking resemblance to one that appears on page 32 of a book written in 1970 by a historian from the mixed Bosnian Muslim-Croat town of Vitez, he said—proof that the whole thing is yet another genocidal plot devised by the Serbs' historic local enemies. Unlike Milosevic, Mladic speaks in words the local Serbs can relate to. "We can't forget about the graves of those who were lost in war," he told the Belgrade daily *Novosti*. "No matter how the world and our neighbors view this, we have to respect our victims. In this crucial moment, we are threatened by the total extermination of the Serb people."

It's anyone's guess whether Mladic really believes his own rhetoric. But already he's pursuing his own alternative to Milosevic's strategy. By negotiating a cease-fire with Sarajevo's forces last week, he seems grudgingly to be willing to tolerate demilitarized safe areas in Muslim enclaves like Srebrenica and Zepa that have already been starved and shelled into submission. Why should Serbs live in U.N. police enclaves, he seems to be saying, when they still have the muscle to make the Muslims do so instead? Such a plan assumes twin risks: the severing of supplies by Serbia proper, and the risk of eventual international military intervention. But the dithering of the international community has given Mladic little reason to fear foreign bombing will actually materialize. And in any case, Bosnian Serbs have gone too far to turn back now. For the general himself, the alternative to war could be a war crimes tribunal. For Serbs in areas that Vance-Owen would return to the Muslims, like those at the checkpoint in Nova Kasaba, it is the return of the very neighbors whom they have just shed so much blood to expel. For both, confrontation, whether with their brothers across the Drina or with Western forces, is preferable.

Of course, not every one in Mladic's dominion is enthusiastic about the road he would have them take. In quiet moments among family and friends, ordinary Serbs in Bosnia will sigh and concede to you that they

think the thirteen-month-old war has gone on long enough, at a high enough cost in lives—Serb and Muslim alike. They know that casualties on the Serb side have risen steadily, as the Muslims have recovered from the initial Serb onslaught, captured or bought weapons and learned to fight. Some even speak wistfully about the days in which Bosnia's nationalities lived together. Why not accept Vance-Owen, if it will bring an end to this nightmare? they say. Funerals, especially, draw doves. In Pale, Nada Pandurovic and her soldier son, wearing a uniform and carrying a gun, were hitchhiking home from the last rites of her friend Milos Kusic, 48, killed fighting on the front lines in Sarajevo. "What would you do with a Serb republic when you don't have any youth in it any longer?" Nada wondered aloud. But under their current leaders, there's little chance that the Bosnian Serbs will find their way to a sensible answer. Destiny beckons, and white eagles are soaring overhead.

CHARLES LANE covers the Balkan wars for *Newsweek*.

A defense of my Vietnam document.

QUANGMIRE

By Stephen Morris

My discovery of a secret document in the Russian archives, dated September 1972, in which North Vietnamese Lieutenant General Tran Van Quang stated that Hanoi was holding hundreds more American prisoners than it eventually released in 1973, has raised profound moral questions about the American drift toward normalization with Vietnam. If fundamentally accurate, it is evidence of a massive crime against United States citizens, and basic human decency. The Clinton administration should have recognized the discovery as a signal to reorient its search for the truth toward Moscow. Instead it followed the path of its predecessors by placing value on another mission to Hanoi, albeit previously planned, by General John Vessey, Ronald Reagan's chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, who acted as special emissary to Vietnam for POW-MIA affairs in the Reagan and Bush administrations. The Vessey mission only confused the issue.

In Hanoi, Vessey said, "I have no reason to disbelieve" Quang's denial that he had ever made the report contained in the Russian document. But what did Vessey expect Quang to say? After all, if the Russian document is accurate, then Quang is complicit in a huge crime. Even if Vessey had known nothing about Quang's past, common sense should have suggested that any criminal suspect's mere denial of guilt is not sufficient ground

for suggesting innocence. Yet Quang and his alleged accomplices do have a record by which we can evaluate his denial. He has been a senior figure in a brutal regime that for twenty years denied it was controlling, supplying and eventually participating in the war in South Vietnam and Laos. A candid listener might have commented, "I have no reason to believe" Quang's denial. A true diplomat would have just said nothing.

Equally disturbing were Vessey's attempts to show that the document was inaccurate. For example, he claims it said that U.S. prisoners were segregated according to their political views, which, he argues, would be inconsistent with what we know from returnees. But Vessey misrepresents the document: it suggests Hanoi divided the prisoners up analytically, not physically.

Vessey also said the document wrongly claims that prisoners were released according to their political views, when in fact release in 1973 was determined by date of capture. But Vessey is confused: only those already selected were released according to their capture date. Moreover, since he does not possess the Vietnamese list of who was in each political category, how can he know whether the 591 finally released in 1973 did not include the 368 Hanoi deemed political "progressives"?

Others have also rushed to an early judgment. On April 12, after publication of key extracts of the document in *The New York Times*, the director of the Defense Intelligence Agency's Special Office on Prisoners of War and Missing in Action, Robert Sheetz, wrote a memorandum stating: "DIA believes that this document is referring to both U.S. POWs and to allied POWs, particularly ARVN commandos. The confusion probably lies in an inaccurate translation from Vietnamese to Russian."

Sheetz's analysis is preposterous. Anybody familiar with published and secret Vietnamese Communist documents knows that Hanoi always distinguished allied from American troops as "puppets." The use of such distinctive terms as "American" (*My* in Vietnamese, *amerikanyets* in Russian) and "puppet" (*nguy* in Vietnamese, *marionyetka* in Russian) is so frequent in Communist writings as to make their confusion by any competent translator inconceivable. In a report to the Politburo dated June 26, 1972, Quang drew the distinction frequently. His use of the term "1,205 *amerikantsi*" in September could refer only to 1,205 Americans.

But could the authentic Russian document have been Vietnamese disinformation to the Soviets? Perhaps. But to what end? By 1972 the North Vietnamese had been re-equipped with Soviet weapons and retrained by Soviet advisers. The losses suffered by Hanoi during the 1972 Easter Offensive had made it more dependent on the Soviet Union than ever before. At the same time, détente between the United States and the USSR terrified Hanoi, which feared its patrons might betray it for grander things. North Vietnamese leaders had no reason to mislead the Soviets about American POWs.

The misguided reaction by Sheetz and others reflects a faith on the part of some in the DIA in the accuracy of their "data base." Yet the challenge to Pentagon intelligence by Russian sources must be taken seriously. After

all, who was closer to Hanoi in 1972—Soviet or U.S. intelligence?

The Russian document's most basic facts are that a senior North Vietnamese general told his politburo that they were secretly holding hundreds more American prisoners than they had publicly disclosed; and that these prisoners would be used to extract concessions from the United States. There is independent corroboration of the numbers. In 1979 a Vietnamese Communist defector named Le Dinh told the DIA that in the mid-1970s his colleagues had spoken of holding 700 Americans prisoners as a bargaining chip. Why has this card never been played, some have asked? Perhaps the prisoners were executed in 1975, after the unexpected fall of Saigon.

The Clinton administration should put normalization on hold until it learns more about the assertions in Quang's document. And it should accept the fact that the answers are more likely to be found in newly democratic Russia than in old Communist Vietnam.

STEPHEN MORRIS is a visiting scholar at Harvard University's Center for International Affairs.

An interview with Qaddafi.

MUAMMAR DEAREST

By Judith Miller

President Bill Clinton and Jews have an unlikely new champion: Colonel Muammar al-Qaddafi of Libya. To hear him tell it, the fiercely anti-American and anti-Israeli leader who has made himself an international pariah through his unwavering support of terrorism around the world is intent on dramatically changing his ways.

"We were happy about Bill Clinton's success. We will not create any problems for him," the quixotic leader told me in an interview last month in his untraditional bedouin tent pitched in the center of the Bab el Aziziya barracks in Tripoli. "We consider him the savior of the new world, the United States and the Western world." As for Israel, he said: "Were it not for the problem of Palestine, I would be the first to defend the Jews of the world."

In an astonishing series of about-faces during the ninety-minute meeting, Qaddafi said that Tripoli would soon extend an invitation to Jewish leaders, including some from Israel, to a planned conference of the three major monotheistic faiths; that he would permit a group of Libyan Muslims to visit holy shrines in Jerusalem; and that he would soon put in place a 1970 law providing compensation to Italians and Jews who left property in

Libya when they fled after the 1967 Arab-Israeli war.

He insisted that Libya had closed camps that the West has alleged are terrorist-training facilities, and he invited United Nations inspectors to visit any site they suspect of such activity. He vowed that Libya would never develop or seek to purchase nuclear weapons—both of which it has previously attempted—and that it would never use weapons of mass destruction against Israel. He denounced Islamic militants, whom he branded “mad dogs and terrorists” who act in ways contrary to Islam, and called for close cooperation between Arab and Western countries to fight them.

In a subsequent interview, Libyan Foreign Minister Omar Montaser indicated that Libya was prepared to recognize and make peace with Israel. Libya, he noted, was already involved indirectly in the current Arab-Israeli peace talks through the participation of a Maghreb Union representative in the multilateral sessions of the talks. And Tripoli, he added, would continue to pursue its goal of federation or union with Egypt. “It goes without saying that we would recognize any agreements Egypt has signed with third parties,” he said, alluding to Egypt’s peace agreement with Israel.

What is going on here? Why has the 50-year-old dictator who has repeatedly vowed that Israel and its American sponsor will be savagely routed from the map of the Middle East suddenly recanted? The answer may lie in his growing frustration at his sense of isolation. U.N. sanctions against Libya, imposed after Qaddafi refused to surrender two Libyan agents accused of the 1988 bombing of Pan Am Flight 103 over Lockerbie, Scotland, have left him severed from the rest of the world. Since April 1992 Libya has endured a cutoff of international air travel to and from the country, an arms embargo and reductions in the already low level of diplomatic contact. In February the sanctions were tightened further (though they still don’t include an oil embargo, which Washington favors). Still, Qaddafi refuses to surrender the alleged bombers for trial in the United States or Scotland.

Seasoned Qaddafi watchers see his latest overtures as an effort to circumvent the impasse on the Lockerbie affair by demonstrating remarkable flexibility on other issues of American concern: the security of Israel, preventing Islamic radicals from destabilizing friendly regimes and the proliferation of weapons of mass destruction. So far, the Israeli and American responses have been muted. The most recent statement of U.S. policy toward Libya reiterated Washington’s view that Libya should continue to be ostracized. The U.N. has declined to send inspectors to alleged training sites. And even Israeli Foreign Minister Shimon Peres, who has never seen a diplomatic opening he didn’t want to test, has expressed skepticism about Qaddafi’s gestures.

Qaddafi’s new stance leaves Clinton with a choice. He can either cling to the hard-line policy of the Reagan and Bush administrations or try a new tack. During the campaign, Clinton promised the families of the victims of Pan Am 103 that American policy would not change until and

unless Qaddafi surrendered the two agents. Clinton seems intent on keeping his word for political reasons and in order to discourage terrorism here and abroad.

But a continuation of the current policy is unlikely to accomplish that; there was no indication from either Qaddafi or his senior aides that continued ostracism will result in the surrender of the two men. Quite the contrary. Libyan and foreign officials agree that Qaddafi will not give them up, both for domestic political reasons (one of the agents comes from his deputy’s powerful tribe) and because he fears the impact of such a stark loss of face. And while Libyans are paying higher prices for goods, the sanctions are not bringing the country to its knees.

What can the United States do? One option is to step up the sanctions, hoping that this might force Libya to give up the two alleged bombers. But only an embargo on Libyan oil is likely to inflict true economic pain on Libya, and European allies have already informed Clinton that they will not support this. So no realistic possibility exists of increasing economic pressure through sanctions.

Another option is to explore the possibility that Qaddafi has changed his line. The Clinton administration has not been persuaded that Qaddafi’s gestures are anything but theatrics and tactics. It notes that while Abu Nidal may no longer be in Tripoli, members of his group are still there. And that Qaddafi’s outreach to terrorists becomes more intense whenever there is a danger that the United States may move for stronger sanctions. The administration is concerned that initiating a diplomatic relationship with Qaddafi might suggest that the United States is weakening its commitment to fight terrorism. Finally, it doesn’t believe that Qaddafi is capable of changing. “When Hafez el-Assad gives his word, he sticks to it,” a senior official said, referring to the hard-line Syrian leader who has long supported terrorist groups but is now engaged in peace talks with Israel. “There is no such pattern of consistency or stability with Qaddafi.”

However, the administration will never know whether Qaddafi is serious unless it tests his intentions. The foreign policy choice seems to be between pressing ahead on Lockerbie or probing Qaddafi’s opening. But, in fact, that is a false choice. For it should be possible for Clinton to approach Qaddafi without compromising his insistence on getting satisfaction on Lockerbie.

For example, the United States could pressure Qaddafi to make good on his promises and end his support of terrorism and its relentless quest for weapons. Clinton could also pressure Libya for indirect Libyan support for Egypt. More than a million Egyptian workers are now employed in agriculture, commerce and construction in Libya. Egypt’s political stability may well depend in part on a continuation of the remittances from them. Egypt would surely not be strengthened, as President Hosni Mubarak recently warned Clinton, by the precipitous return of such workers, many of whom were ejected from Iraq during and after the Gulf war. And it could be very helpful to have Libyan cooperation

An interview with Neenyah Ostrom, the author of a new book that uncovers the link between AIDS and Chronic Fatigue Syndrome

Your new book basically argues that AIDS and Chronic Fatigue Syndrome are variants of the same disease. Isn't HIV really the cause of AIDS?

It really has never been proven that HIV is the cause of AIDS. I believe that calling HIV the cause of AIDS will turn out to be one of the biggest mistakes ever made in the history of science. The "non-HIV AIDS cases" presented at last year's AIDS conference in Amsterdam—which seem to be increasing in number daily—are a major signal that nobody really knows what AIDS is, or what causes it. Because the real cause of AIDS has not been identified, and because AIDS itself has not yet been correctly defined, we are in the middle of a medical crisis which verges on the apocalyptic.

What do AIDS and Chronic Fatigue Syndrome have in common?

It might be more appropriate to ask what they don't have in common. Both syndromes involve serious dysfunction of just about every part of the immune system. They also have many, many symptoms in common.

If HIV isn't the cause of AIDS, and if you're correct that AIDS and Chronic Fatigue Syndrome are the same basic disease, then what is causing them?

The best candidate is a virus which is called Human Herpes Virus 6. I say "called" because there is reason to believe that it has been incorrectly labeled.

When was HHV-6 discovered?

Supposedly in 1986. It was found in AIDS patients and Chronic Fatigue Syndrome patients. One astute scientist has said that it would have been called "the AIDS virus" if it had been discovered before HIV.

How many people have Chronic Fatigue Syndrome?

Some scientists estimate that as many as 13 million Americans already have the syndrome. But keep in mind that this seems to be a very contagious syndrome, so the actual number of sick or infected people could be multiples of 13 million.

Why hasn't the media done more to inform the public about the connection between Chronic Fatigue Syndrome and AIDS?

The leading science reporters on the AIDS beat all have egg on their faces. For a decade, they have basically acted as propagandists for the conventional wisdom about AIDS. They have promoted the notion that HIV is absolutely the only cause of AIDS, when there have been more than a few scientists questioning that assertion all along. The media, basically, has made fun of anyone who doubted the conventional wisdom about AIDS. So last summer, when cases of AIDS without detectable HIV began coming out of the woodwork at the Amsterdam AIDS conference, the reporters all

went scurrying for cover, telling the public not to panic, that everything is under control. They still haven't told the public the truth about what's going on.

Isn't the government trying to track down every case of AIDS in which there is no HIV?

Well, I know where they can find 13 million or more of such cases: the Chronic Fatigue Syndrome epidemic. One researcher actually calls Chronic Fatigue Syndrome "AIDS minor." I think that expression is very much like "pregnancy minor."

But people with Chronic Fatigue Syndrome don't die from it, do they?

When someone with Chronic Fatigue Syndrome develops cancer—which they appear to do at very high rates—or heart problems, and dies, they are not described as having died of complications of Chronic Fatigue Syndrome. That's one way government scientists keep the public from seeing the seriousness of this problem.

You know, at last year's AIDS conference, scientists from the Centers for Disease Control were very strongly criticized for not having informed physicians, and the public, about the "non-HIV AIDS cases," even though they'd known about them for quite a while. I'd suggest that *that* criticism is nothing compared to how upset the public is going to be when they find out the truth about Chronic Fatigue Syndrome.

If AIDS and Chronic Fatigue Syndrome are the same, and both are caused by the same virus, wouldn't you expect a lot of health care workers to have contracted Chronic Fatigue Syndrome?

In fact, many doctors and nurses—and even dentists—have contracted the syndrome. And since it is contagious, they are capable of spreading it to their patients. Since the correct virus has not been identified as the cause, no one is doing anything about screening for it.

Is the blood supply being screened for Human Herpes Virus 6, the virus you think is causing both AIDS and Chronic Fatigue Syndrome?

No. And that's one of the tragedies of the HIV mistake. Another one of the HIV tragedies is that people with AIDS are being given the highly toxic AZT. You can cause AIDS in a healthy person by giving him or her AZT—to me, this is like an act of genocide.

Don't some people argue that Chronic Fatigue Syndrome is not really contagious?

I know of cases in which entire families have the syndrome. Not only families, but entire groups of unrelated people—like sports teams, high school teachers, and orchestras—have been involved in outbreaks of what researchers call "epidemic Chronic Fatigue Syndrome." The evidence is overwhelming that this is contagious.

Is it true that pets also contract the syn-

drome?

Many patients report that their pets—dogs, cats, even horses—are suffering from a similar illness. In pets, it seems to be more dramatic, and the pets often have severe immunological problems; they often die.

Does that mean that some infectious agent is going back and forth between people and their pets?

One woman who has Chronic Fatigue Syndrome told me that her doctor had her sick dog tested for Human Herpes Virus 6, the virus that has been found in AIDS and Chronic Fatigue Syndrome patients, and the dog tested positive. That is another reason that HHV-6 should be considered, in my estimation, the probable cause. By the way, HHV-6 is also found in African green monkeys—the monkeys thought to be the source of HIV infection in the human population.

Do children also get this syndrome?

Tragically, they do. Because there are serious neurological problems seen in this syndrome, the children often, suddenly, do very poorly in school. One researcher has found that children's IQs drop precipitously when they get this syndrome. And, like adults with Chronic Fatigue Syndrome, they also develop brain lesions.

What kind of brain lesions?

The brain lesions seen in Chronic Fatigue Syndrome look just like the brain lesions seen in AIDS patients. That shouldn't be surprising, if they are basically different forms of the same immune disorder.

The government has told the public that they can avoid getting AIDS by practicing safe sex and avoiding other so-called risk behaviors.

Unfortunately, all bets are off if they have misidentified the disease, and labeled the wrong virus as the cause. The stage has been set for one of the biggest medical disasters in history.

Is it true that Japanese researchers may have a much better understanding of this syndrome and actually have an effective treatment for it?

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BY NEENYAH OSTROM

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both in the Arab-Israeli peace process and in efforts to stop the spread of the Islamic fundamentalism that now threatens Egypt and other friendly regimes in the region.

Indeed, Libya is in a position to be helpful to American goals in the Middle East should Qaddafi choose to be so. Either the United States can continue to pursue a policy that squeezes Qaddafi but is unlikely to press him hard enough to result in the return of the two Libyan agents or, while continuing to insist on their surrender, it can begin to test Qaddafi's ostensible desire to be no longer part of the problem, but part of the solution.

JUDITH MILLER, a writer for *The New York Times*, is on leave at the Twentieth Century Fund.

The roots of Europe's Balkan balk.

EUROPA NERVOSA

By Niall Ferguson

Anyone who's been following the wretched Balkan saga already knows the official reasons for European queasiness. But what the Europeans are not saying is just as important as what they are saying. The subtext of their nervousness is historical, not logical; and the arguments of the European powers, from Britain to Russia, are extensions of a historical experience, different from that of Americans, which alone explains the Atlantic rift. The United States has yet to grasp this. Even *The New York Times* threw up its editorial arms, writing, "Why European governments remain so complacent about all this remains a mystery." Some history might help.

Current events are merely the latest episode in the oldest and most difficult story in European diplomacy: the Eastern Question. In essence the question was based on the fact that the Ottoman (i.e., Turkish) Empire, which in 1815 stretched from Morocco to Armenia and included most of the Balkans, was crumbling. First the Greeks and then the Serbs successfully challenged Ottoman rule, followed closely by Egypt in the 1830s. To which of the other empires—British, French, Habsburg or Russian—should go the spoils? Or should the subject peoples be encouraged to seek independence?—though this really meant dependence on one of the Great Powers and was therefore the same question. The present positions of the European states are the most recent answers to this Eastern Question; and each reflects its answers of the past.

Britain's first bad Balkan experience began in 1853 with the Crimean War. Although there had been British

support for Greek independence, by the 1840s the official line was that the Ottoman Empire had to be preserved. The reason for this was a fear that Russian expansion in the eastern Mediterranean might threaten lines of communication to Britain's Indian colony. Thus the British decided to intervene (in alliance with France) when the Russians occupied Moldavia and Wallachia and declared war on Turkey, ostensibly because of ill treatment by the Turks of Christians in Jerusalem. The war was popular: the poet Tennyson exulted that "The Peace that I deem'd no peace, is over and done. . . . It is better to fight for the good than to rail at the ill"; the government called it a "battle of civilization against barbarism."

But the invasion of the Crimea in 1854 was a bloody mess, exposed in the media by the London *Times*'s William Russell. Having lost 22,500 men (including most of the Light Brigade) and one prime minister (Lord Aberdeen, who resigned in 1855), the British were content to be able to negotiate peace at Paris in March 1856.

Twenty years later (by which time most of the terms of the Paris Peace had been forgotten), the Balkans returned to British politics after a revolt by Bosnian Serbs against Ottoman taxes. The Bulgarians in Eastern Rumelia joined in, only to be massacred by Muslim irregulars (the *bashi-bazouks*), who killed thousands of civilians. The British government of Benjamin Disraeli, rather like George Bush's, attempted to sit it out. One diplomat sneered, Kissinger-like, at "shallow politicians . . . who have allowed their feelings of revolted humanity to make them forget the capital interest involved"—interests that were "not affected by the question whether it was 10,000 or 20,000 persons who perished." However, this misread the public outrage sparked by lurid media stories in the *Daily News* and *Northern Echo*, which united such diverse figures as Queen Victoria and Thomas Carlyle. Realizing that "the game was afoot . . . the iron was hot and the time to strike had arrived," the retired Liberal leader William Gladstone (in an eerie premonition of the retired Conservative leader Margaret Thatcher) dashed off a pamphlet titled *Bulgarian Horrors and the Question of the East*. It sold 200,000 copies within a month. It did not, however, impress Disraeli, who quipped that the pamphlet was, "of all the Bulgarian atrocities, perhaps the greatest."

When the Russians intervened on behalf of the Bulgarians and defeated the Turks, Disraeli countered by threatening war, a policy so domestically popular that it coined the phrase "jingoism": "We don't want to fight, but by jingo if we do, We've got the men; we've got the ships; and We've got the money, too." In fact, the British didn't need to fight: the Russians were duly brought to heel by the Treaty of Berlin, and Disraeli returned with Cyprus—and "peace with honor."

British involvement in the Balkans between 1900 and 1945 reflected fear of German rather than Russian influence, but this in no way simplified the Eastern Question. Ultimately, the British were drawn into the Great War of 1914 on the side of Russia, to head off German domina-

tion of Western Europe. British troops also became involved in the fighting in the eastern Mediterranean—with disastrous results at Gallipoli. In the Second World War, they found themselves in Serbia itself, as they backed resistance to the Axis occupation of Yugoslavia. Once again, it was a mess, as the British had to choose between two Serb groups: Tito's Communist Partisans and the royalist Chetniks under Draza Mihajivoc. If one adds to this the expensive bog into which the British got themselves in Cyprus, it becomes easier to understand the reluctance of the Major government to get embroiled in the current trouble.

The Germans, in their own way, have equally troubling Balkan antecedents. In 1876 Chancellor Otto von Bismarck declared that the Balkans were not "worth the healthy bones of a single Pomeranian musketeer." "The Eastern Question," he maintained, "is an area in which we can help our friends and harm our enemies without being inhibited to any great extent by direct interests of our own," a pretty good summary of the policy of the current German chancellor, Helmut Kohl.

Between 1876 and 1887 Bismarck sought to act as the "honest broker" between the other powers. It was he who brought them together in Berlin in 1878 to avoid war between Britain and Russia, negotiating the deal that reduced the independent Bulgaria in extent (returning Eastern Rumelia to Turkey) and gave Cyprus to Britain to put Bosnia-Herzegovina under Austrian protection. It was he who opposed German intervention in Bulgaria in 1885, when its German-born king, Alexander von Battenberg, appealed for help in his war with the Serbs. And it was he who, in 1887, secretly promised to respect Russia's "historically acquired rights" in the Balkans.

But after Bismarck's fall in 1890, there was a gradual shift in German policy. First, the Germans themselves began to cultivate the Turks as allies, proposing to link Berlin and Baghdad by rail and sending military advisers like Liman von Sanders to Constantinople. Second, the Germans encouraged their Austrian allies to take a hard line against Serb ambitions to create a united South Slav state, which clearly threatened Austria's hold over Slovenia, Croatia and southern Hungary. In 1908, 1912 and 1913, the Germans supported Austrian threats of war against Serbia, a tactic that finally plunged Europe into war when it was repeated after the assassination of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand in Sarajevo. (The assassins were Bosnian Serbs protesting against the annexation of Bosnia by Austria in 1908. They had been trained by the Serbian secret service.)

It might be said that, in one respect, the Germans stuck to Bismarck's Balkan policy. In both world wars, few of the millions who died in Yugoslavia were Germans, and not many Pomeranian musketeers left their bones there. Even in the Second World War, German military involvement in Yugoslavia was limited after the initial, crushing invasion of April 1941 (which itself cost the Germans just 151 casualties); of the twenty-six divisions stationed in Yugoslavia, twenty were Italian. Much

of the Nazi horror in the region was contracted out to the Croatian regime of Ante Pavelic. Nevertheless, Yugoslavia was a headache for Hitler. The need to overrun it probably delayed the launch of Operation Barbarossa by around six crucial weeks; and after the Italian collapse in 1943, Tito was a thorn in the German side. Fifteen thousand Germans died when Belgrade fell to the Communists.

The German position today is therefore easily understood. There is, as there was between 1900 and 1945, a geopolitical argument for exerting German influence in the Balkans. And indeed, the pressures within Germany for intervention are probably stronger than anywhere else in Europe. The government most likely to support Clinton's plans to lift the arms embargo is Germany's, just as it was Germany that was most eager to recognize the independence of Croatia in December 1991. But the memory of the bloody war-time occupation rules out the use of German troops, the sight of which do more than anything else to lend credence in Serbia to Milosevic's propaganda.

Of all the ex-great powers, France has been the most consistently disinterested in the Balkans. The French have long focused on ex-Ottoman regions elsewhere: Algeria, Tunisia and Morocco in North Africa, and Syria in the Middle East. More by accident than design, Napoleon briefly acquired from Austria the "illyrian provinces" (the west coast of present-day Croatia) in 1809. But the region was peripheral to his grand design. In marked contrast to Britain, the Crimean War was deeply unpopular in France; and while Louis Napoleon tinkered with pet schemes to assist the war effort (e.g., to improve the design of tents for his cavalry), the pressure for peace was intense. Likewise, when Gladstone was whipping up British indignation over the Bulgarian horrors, the French—with the exception of Victor Hugo—responded with a Gallic shrug.

Where France did express an interest, the motive was mercenary. After 1870 French lending to the new Balkan states was substantial: the Serbs got around 600 million francs, the Greeks 630 million and the Romanians 3.6 billion. This was largely a reaction to German investment in the region, which threatened to exclude France from the eastern Mediterranean. That old Prussophobe Raymond Poincaré summed up the French attitude in 1912, when he commented: "The time will come when the partition [of the Ottoman Empire] will take place . . . and we will have to organize ourselves in advance so as not to be absent." During the 1930s French policy was to counter the resurgent German threat by making alliances with the other beneficiaries of the 1919 peace treaties. This meant cultivating the king of Yugoslavia, Alexander, who in 1929 had abolished democracy and increased Serb dominance of his country (initially called "The Kingdom of Serbs, Croats and Slovenes" in 1918). In October 1934 he arrived in Marseilles to meet French Foreign Minister Louis Barthou. Both were shot dead as they traveled through the city in an open carriage by a

Macedonian assassin hired by Croat separatists. The event has not been forgotten.

Throughout April of this year, it was argued that taking a tougher line with the Serbs over Bosnia would weaken Boris Yeltsin and strengthen his opponents. This argument rests on the idea that the Russians are the Serbs' "natural" allies. But history suggests a more complex relationship. It was Czar Nicholas I who coined the phrase that the Ottoman Empire was the "sick man" of Europe (though what he in fact said was "dying bear"); and it was Russia who long showed the greatest interest in Turkey's Balkan provinces. So frequent were clashes between Russia and Turkey that the war of 1853 was the seventh. But the price of this policy was considerable. The Crimean War cost Russia dearly and denied the czar the prize of Moldavia and Wallachia; and supporting the Serbs in their fight with Austria-Hungary after 1908 led Russia into a war with Germany that killed czarism off for good. Stalin also found Yugoslavia an equally awkward ally after the Second World War. Having agreed, in a weak moment, to pull the Red Army out of the Balkans, leaving Tito in charge after the German surrender, Stalin was initially well-disposed toward Belgrade. But when Tito began talking about a Balkan Federation with Bulgaria and Albania, Stalin changed his mind, expelling Yugoslavia from Cominform for "boundless ambition, arrogance and conceit." But Tito remained a Soviet headache for decades to come.

In the light of this experience, it would be odd if Russia were to commit itself seriously to the Serb side now. Such expressions of pro-Serb sympathy as there have been are best seen as moves in the far more important game of blackmailing the West for aid, now the principal

goal of Russian foreign policy. In truth, the most the Russians can do is to block resolutions on the U.N. Security Council, or neglect to enforce sanctions on their own exporters, threats the West can easily counter.

Compared with the above, direct American experience of the Balkans has been trifling. In 1941 Colonel William ("Wild Bill") Donovan was sent by Roosevelt to advise the Yugoslav government to resist the Germans—advice reminiscent of the old *Beyond the Fringe* line: "At this stage in the war, we need a futile gesture." Five years later, in 1946, a U.S. Air Force plane was shot down by Tito for violating Yugoslav airspace. And that's about it. Small wonder there's more enthusiasm for "doing something" about Bosnia in Washington than in Europe. The lesson the Europeans have drawn from history is that Bismarck was right: the Balkans are more trouble than they are worth.

Yet it may be that this is a case in which the historic parallels are misleading. In the past, intervention in the Balkans tended to go wrong because another great power would invariably intervene on the other side: Russia versus Britain and France in the Crimea; Austria and Germany against Russia, Britain and France in 1914; and so on. Discounting the exaggerated fears of a Russian backlash, that would not happen today if Britain and France took decisive action to impose peace with German financial backing. Of course, it would not be easy. And some American help would be essential. But it would certainly not be as big a mess as previous interventions in the region. And a century and a half after it was posed, it might even answer the Eastern Question.

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Clinton, Tyson, Kantor—and a problem.

ROUGHER TRADE

By John B. Judis

Bill Clinton was in a bad mood as he went over the draft. "Clinton was angry about having to give the speech," one adviser recalled. "His mind told him to do it, but his heart told him he could lose the election over it." Clinton went ahead anyway. On October 4, speaking in Raleigh, North Carolina, he endorsed the North American Free Trade Agreement. The speech marked the re-emergence of trade as a major political issue. No candidate had devoted a major speech to trade late in a campaign in almost seven years. It was also Clinton's first effort at redirecting American trade strategy. Clinton promised

to support NAFTA, but only if supplemental agreements were signed to protect workers and the environment. Clinton's conditions were a post-Ricardian recognition that simply removing trade barriers between nations was not enough.

Since his election, Clinton has continued to signal a new direction in trade policy. He appointed University of California economist Laura Tyson to chair his Council of Economic Advisers—the first woman, but more important the first economist whose specialty was trade and high technology. Tyson has championed a "results-oriented" trade strategy with Japan, demanding that

Tokyo agree to targeted levels of high-technology imports. She has also contended that if foreign governments subsidize their aerospace or semiconductor industries, the United States should do likewise. Similarly, Clinton and his Trade Representative, Mickey Kantor, have pressed ahead with negotiations on the side agreements to NAFTA. They have demanded "results" from the Japanese; and Kantor has badgered the Europeans into allowing firms in the United States to compete for government telecommunications contracts in the E.C. Washington trade hawks, critical of Bush, wax enthusiastic about Clinton, Tyson and Kantor. "They are doing great," said Clyde Prestowitz, the director of the Economic Strategy Institute. "I think they've put U.S. trade policy on a much sounder philosophical basis."

Yet when Clinton's new philosophy is weighed against his actual practice, a less definite picture emerges. Clinton has enunciated a new approach, but he has yet to apply it with any consistency. While the NAFTA negotiations have begun, the administration is divided and even confused about how to proceed. Kantor's negotiating instructions stipulate the kinds of broad labor standards the administration wants but are mum on how to enforce them. "To be provided," reads the document, leaked by a disgruntled administration adviser to the newsletter *Inside U.S. Trade*.

The administration has also trumpeted its new approach to U.S.-Japan relations, causing consternation in Tokyo, but it has yet to work out the details. Some of the thorny controversies left over from the Bush administration—for instance, whether to reinstate the tariff on Japanese minivans—remain curiously unresolved, in spite of Clinton campaign promises. And the administration has yet to appoint a Japan specialist. One American businessman in Tokyo who met with State Department officials Winston Lord and Joan Spero described them as "a bunch of total amateurs going up against a veteran professional crew."

The administration's first test will be ratification of

NAFTA. Clinton has promised to finish negotiating the supplemental agreements in June and to submit the entire treaty to Congress in July so that it can be passed before year's end. To get the treaty through Congress, Clinton will have to overcome the objections of labor and environmental groups, and weather the barbs of billionaire H. Ross Perot. To accomplish that, Clinton will need to present an agreement that is substantially different from the one that Bush signed last September. Yet Clinton may submit a treaty that's virtually indistinguishable.

Prior to the campaign, Clinton had not given much thought to the environmental, economic and demographic problems of NAFTA. He had not fully grappled with the possibility that it might drive down American wages, transfer jobs south of the border and even increase, not decrease, Mexican immigration into the United States. One policy expert who met with Clinton in December 1991 was amazed that he had not compared the way the United States was dealing with Mexico through NAFTA with the way Western European countries in the E.C. dealt with Spain, Portugal and Greece. As the campaign progressed, however, Clinton's views on NAFTA became considerably more sophisticated.

Clinton was influenced by Richard Rothstein, a columnist for *L.A. Weekly* and an associate at the Economic Policy Institute, who began feeding the candidate memos on NAFTA. Unlike other NAFTA critics, Rothstein didn't favor voting it down. He argued that whether or not it passed, Mexico would continue removing its restrictions on foreign investment and American plants would continue transferring their operations there. NAFTA should be seen as a chance to manage this process for the good of both countries.

Rothstein proposed that Clinton seek agreements that would raise Mexican wages. Higher Mexican wages would create a market for U.S. exports, lay the basis for the country's industrialization and relieve pressure on



DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

American wages from Mexican competition. Rothstein proposed the Mexicans be required to raise their minimum wage and enforce environmental and labor standards in exchange for development aid and special access to the U.S. market.

Clinton was also influenced by House Majority Leader Richard Gephardt, who was trying to find a way to support NAFTA without abandoning his own constituencies. (Barely a week after the St. Louis congressman voted to give Bush "fast-track" authority to secure an up-or-down vote on NAFTA, a Zenith plant in Springfield, Missouri, announced it was leaving for Mexico.) In July 1992 Gephardt gave a speech recommending that Bush seek supplemental agreements modeled on the agreements that the E.C. made with Spain and Portugal—providing development aid in exchange for the enforcement of labor and environmental standards and a corporate code of conduct. Clinton called Gephardt about the speech that evening. "I read it and then I read it again, and then I read it over the phone to Hillary," Clinton told him.

As the November election neared, Clinton's advisers were divided into two camps on whether he should endorse NAFTA: "Yes but" and "No unless." The most prominent of the former were Warren Christopher, Derek Shearer, Lloyd Bentsen, Henry Cisneros and Tyson. The latter included campaign aides Kantor, George Stephanopoulos and James Carville. Clinton finally decided to take the pro-NAFTA line. "It was the case where he had to exercise some discretion and presidential judgment," said Clinton adviser Raul Hinojosa-Ojeda, one of the "Yes buts."

Once in office, Clinton put Kantor in charge of negotiating the side agreements to NAFTA. Kantor's initial impulse was to drive a hard bargain. He kept asking one adviser, "Why can't we get the Mexicans to pass a law raising their minimum wage?" In initial meetings with labor and environmental groups, he was very receptive to their complaints. Recalled one activist, "He was personally charming, very personable and quite open-minded. He had a decent grasp and was asking the right questions. We'd say something, and he'd say, 'Oh, that's bad,' and ask his aide to make a note of it so he could look into it."

But soon after meeting with these groups, Kantor lost control over the terms of his own negotiations. In early March a National Economic Council working group, chaired by Robert Kyle, Bentsen's former trade expert on the Senate Finance Committee, began devising a negotiating strategy. At the group's first session, it heard recommendations from the Labor Department for the North American Commission on labor and from a Bush holdover at the State Department for a negotiating position on the environmental commission. Both papers laid out options ranging from unobtrusive and cosmetic (with no subpoena power or power of enforcement) to the most intrusive and far-reaching.

The Labor Department memo recommended the far-reaching alternative. Citing the supranational authority

NAFTA already granted patent holders to enforce their intellectual property rights, the memo argued for allowing the commission to use trade sanctions to enforce its rulings. It also called for minimum wage levels to be indexed to productivity and for the kind of corporate code of conduct that Gephardt had recommended earlier. The environmental memo took exactly the opposite tack, arguing that granting any enforcement power to the commission "would run up against serious constitutional concerns in the U.S."

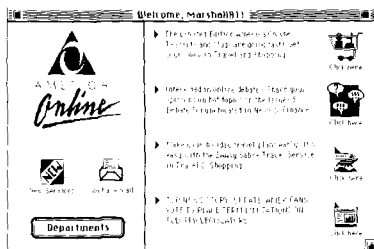
The NEC working group recommended that the United States adopt the least intrusive strategy. A Confidential Option Paper on Environment and Labor stated that "more intrusive options will erode support for NAFTA by the U.S. business community." The group was worried that business supporters would balk not only at the prospect of Mexican laws being enforced, but at Mexicans being able to bring complaints against American exporters. Explained one administration official, "We need the support of the business community, and the business community has certain things they don't want."

Those who earlier had backed the modulated approach to NAFTA saw these decisions as a betrayal. Segundo Mercado-Llorens, the director of government affairs of the Union of Food and Commercial Workers and a member of a USTR advisory committee on NAFTA, said, "It now appears that none of the substantive matters addressed by organized labor or consumer groups on food safety are part of negotiations."

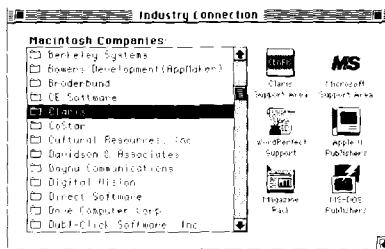
Kantor was privately disturbed by the NEC decisions. "He realizes he doesn't have any power over the big picture," said one confidant. Kantor has played the good soldier, talking up "growing jobs" and promising Congress the agreements would have "teeth." But his heart is not in it. Public Citizen lobbyist Lori Wallach had been wowed by Kantor in February, but when she and Ralph Nader met with him in April, she felt he was not his own man. "Kantor wasn't thinking for himself anymore. He had talking points," she said.

When I interviewed Kantor, he was thoughtful and informative on U.S.-Japan relations but wooden and predictable on NAFTA. "It's a question of effective vs. ineffective, not obtrusive vs. less obtrusive," he explained about the missing enforcement provisions in the side agreements. He acknowledged that the lack of a link between wages and productivity in conditions of high unemployment was a "difficult issue to tackle," and said that "the administration was attempting to address it." But in the next breath, he denied that the problem existed. "We believe the natural economic forces in a market economy and a growing democracy will address that issue," he said. The proposal to provide Mexico with the kind of development aid that Rothstein and Gephardt favored and that Clinton cited in his October speech has also perished. Ironically, two anti-NAFTA congressmen, Barney Frank and Esteban Torres, are introducing a bill to aid Mexican development.

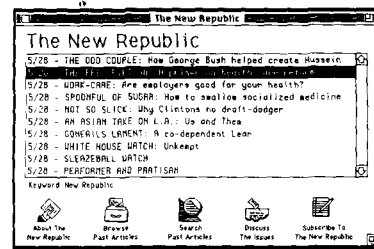
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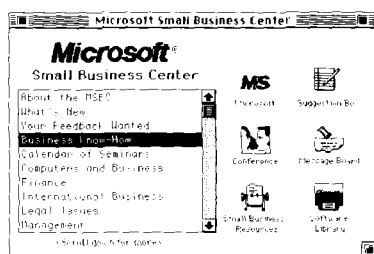
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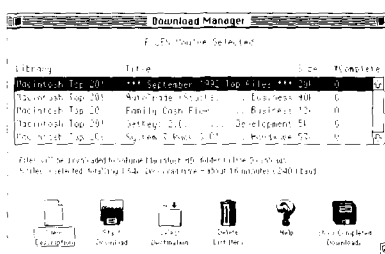
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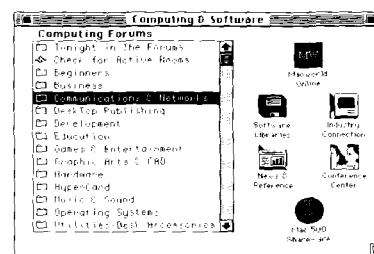
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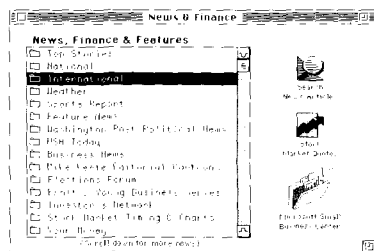
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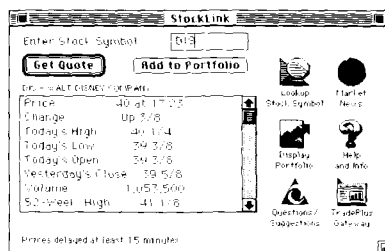
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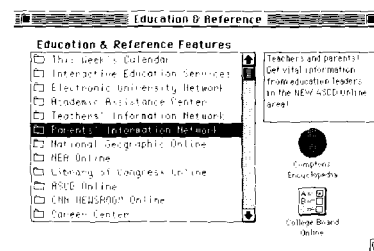
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Laura Tyson might have played a role in adhering to a tougher NAFTA line. And in an interview in her office, she reaffirmed Clinton's original E.C.-like strategy for Mexico. "As we embark on NAFTA, and a gradual reduction of trade barriers, we need to think of ways to jointly finance infrastructure and environmental support," Tyson explained. But the CEA chair has been preoccupied with the budget and health care. This month she hired Sherman Robinson and another associate to draw up a "white paper" on NAFTA, but her instructions to them were, "You take care of it."

If Clinton does not bring a changed treaty to Congress this summer, he could face a revolt within his own party. Many Democrats fear that Perot's attacks on the treaty, which he will air on national television on May 30, are hitting home among their constituencies. Said Jeff Faux, the director of the Economic Policy Institute, "On the budget deficit, Perot is talking to his own choir, but on NAFTA, he is talking to Clinton's core constituency. If Clinton gets on the wrong side of the jobs question, you can start drawing the curtains."

The administration's second major test will be putting trade relations with Japan—and, subsequently, Western Europe—on a new footing. Clinton probably won't lose popularity or elections over his position on supercomputers and telecommunications contracts, but a wrong move in U.S.-Japan relations could imperil the world economy far more profoundly than the defeat of NAFTA. In his trade strategy with Japan, Clinton is poised between old and new, between strategies that were clearly inadequate and those that have not yet been proved.

During the campaign, Clinton began educating himself on trade strategy and U.S.-Japan economic relations. At the urging of Derek Shearer, the campaign's unofficial spokesman on U.S.-Japan relations, Clinton read the writings of former U.S. trade negotiator Glen Fukushima; he also read Prestowitz's *Trading Places*, Lester Thurow's *Head-to-Head*, Robert Kuttner's *The End of Laissez-Faire* and Tyson's *Who's Bashing Whom?* Together, these authors argued for a revision of U.S. trade strategy and of the American view of Japan.

They believed that the United States was locked in a fiercely competitive struggle with Japan and Western Europe over who would dominate the eight or nine key high-technology industries of the twenty-first century. What was at stake was not only Americans' standard of living, but also national security, which increasingly depends on a nation's command of microelectronics. The United States could afford to share the lead in these industries, but not to cede any of them to Europe or Japan. It wasn't like Ricardo's famous example of England making textiles and Portugal wine. If a country stopped making memory chips, then it would eventually not be able to make competitive televisions or supercomputers.

The revisionists argued that American, Japanese and European success in these industries had hinged on large government subsidies and on protected mar-

kets—tied in the United States directly to the cold war and Pentagon procurement. If, after the cold war's end, the United States withdrew its support for commercial research and development, American firms like Boeing and McDonnell Douglas would not be able to compete with their rivals. Similarly, if the United States acquiesced in closed markets for its trade rivals but maintained open markets itself, it would put its companies at a stark disadvantage.

Japan particularly was a problem. Its form of state capitalism placed inordinate power in the hands of government bureaucrats of the Ministry of International Trade and Industry and the directors of a handful of giant *keiretsus*. Even without formal trade barriers, they were able to protect their companies against American high-technology imports. The differences between American and European capitalism, wrote Tyson in *Who's Bashing Whom?*, "pale in comparison with those between American and Japanese capitalism." Some revisionists backed an American protectionism, but others like Tyson advocated that the United States focus on forcing open foreign markets. Clinton was particularly drawn to Tyson's strategy; and his appointment of her as CEA chair signaled his support for her version of the revisionist argument.

Tyson's critics have termed her a "leftist" and a "protectionist," but both labels are undeserved. Tyson, like other Clintonites, appears to have been a sublimated radical who spent much of the early '70s studying rather than trying to create democratic socialism. She did her thesis at MIT in 1974 on worker self-management in Yugoslavia, but she was never a member of the organized left. By the early '80s she was losing her fascination with Eastern European socialism and became interested in Western trade and high technology while teaching a course in comparative economics at Berkeley with John Zysman, the co-author of *Manufacturing Matters*. A quick learner, Tyson was already on Capitol Hill in 1983, testifying at the first hearings on an American industrial policy. But Tyson's version of industrial policy was different from that of other Democrats. She was interested not so much in saving older American smokestack industries but in easing the transition toward a high-tech economy. She was also opposed to any form of import barriers. A decade later she remains adamant on the same point. "I believe in subsidies, but not in barriers," she told me. "I think that trade policy should be directed primarily at opportunity abroad."

In *Who's Bashing Whom?*, Tyson made an argument for matching foreign subsidies—whether for the E.C.'s Airbus or Japan's semiconductor industry—and for using a "results-oriented" trade policy to knock down the informal barriers that Japan has erected to high-technology imports. Tyson's model subsidy is Sematech, the Austin consortium created by computer companies and funded partially by the government, which is credited with aiding the revival of the American semiconductor industry. Her model trade strategy is the 1986 semiconductor agreement with Japan that required the

Japanese in five years to raise the market share of foreign—and not just American—chipmakers to 20 percent. (At the time, U.S. chipmakers enjoyed a 60 percent share in markets from South Asia to Europe, but only 8.5 percent in Japan.) Japan missed the 1991 deadline but made the 1993 extension. “Paradoxically, in Japan something akin to managed trade is often required to achieve something akin to a market outcome,” Tyson wrote in *Who’s Bashing Whom?*

Clinton and Kantor adopted the Tyson approach. During Japanese Prime Minister Kiichi Miyazawa’s April visit to the United States, Clinton announced that the United States wanted the Japanese to meet specific import targets in high technology. He wanted to “change the direction of our relationship,” Clinton told reporters afterward, “so we could focus on specific sectors and specific structures, with a view toward getting results. When we focus on specific areas, we tend to make progress.” The administration also shelved the Strategic Impediment Initiative talks. Kantor explained: “Our sectoral and structural talks are going to take the place of the SIT talks in terms of our use of resources and our focus.”

Clinton has already seen some results. Japanese semiconductor purchases leapt from 15 percent to 20 percent of market share on the eve of the agreement’s expiration. Japanese companies in the United States, which had been using transfer pricing to avoid American taxes, lined up at the Internal Revenue Service to pay back taxes and to agree to allow the IRS to monitor their pricing. As Japan expert Ed Lincoln of the Brookings Institution put it, “When the Japanese begin screaming and yelling, saying we will never do that, it begins to look like MITI is worried that we have caught onto something that will have an impact.”

The *New York Times* and *The Wall Street Journal* have reported that the administration is deeply divided over the new strategy, with Tyson and Kantor on one side, and Treasury and the NEC on the other. But while there are certainly disagreements, there are not the kind of factional differences that paralyzed arms control strategy in the early Reagan administration. Bentsen and Treasury Undersecretary Lawrence Summers stressed revaluation over results in dealing with Japan, but they have not been against choosing sectoral targets. (Summers recently called in one Washington trade consultant to ask him what targets the United States should select.) Nor has Tyson been opposed to talking up the yen.

Bentsen’s Treasury Department has been unable to come up with a policy on the duty for Japanese minivans, but the division on the issue does not correspond to that suggested by the newspapers. During the Bush administration, James Lake and other Japan lobbyists got the Customs Department to change the designation of minivans from “trucks” to “cars,” thereby reducing in a stroke their duty from 25 percent to 2.5 percent. But the Japanese continued to count minivans as “trucks” in enumerating how many cars they would import to the

United States. Clinton said in the campaign that he would restore the minivan’s designation as trucks, but Bentsen, who sees the move as protectionist, has balked. Kantor has favored putting the higher tariff back, but Tyson has sided with the Treasury Department.

Clinton has proved more politically successful in developing a new U.S.-Japan strategy than in mustering support for NAFTA. While his NAFTA negotiating strategy has upset some treaty supporters and inflamed opponents, Clinton’s Japan strategy has won cautious approval from potential critics such as Fred Bergsten, the director of the Institute of International Economics. Bergsten, seen as having opposed managed trade, now says, “Whenever you can identify a specific barrier, it is sensible to go after it.”

But Clinton’s managed free trade strategy has yet to be tested seriously in international negotiations. Some trade experts who back Clinton’s approach worry not only about the inexperience of the U.S. negotiators but also about Kantor’s combative style. Said one former U.S. trade negotiator with Japan, “It is much smarter not to engage in saber rattling, but in private sessions, to be businesslike and tough and professional. Not only the Japanese government but the public gets very emotional.”

Behind this concern, a deeper fear lingers. If the administration focuses primarily on knocking down Japan’s and Western Europe’s trade barriers, it could eventually precipitate a turn toward hostile, regionally based trading blocs. Such a division could lay the basis for a global recession and even for the return of military tensions. Tyson discounts this possibility, but she does see a “real danger” if the United States does not try to strengthen “the multilateral system” as it “goes forward with sectoral and bilateral talks.”

Tyson and other Clinton officials rest their hopes for a new multilateralism on the completion of the Uruguay Round of the GATT negotiations. But as Tyson acknowledged in *Who’s Bashing Whom?*, GATT is “largely irrelevant” to the issues that could potentially divide Japan, Western Europe and the United States. Moreover, if the countries ever agree to a new treaty, the agreement could run up against the same obstacles in Congress that NAFTA now faces. Pat Choate, who is advising Perot on trade issues, warns, “If we kill NAFTA, we’ll take GATT out.”

Clinton needs to walk a delicate and innovative line on trade internationally; and he needs to build a majority on Capitol Hill and in the country to support his steps. In trying to hazard a path between free trade and protectionism, between multilateralism and bilateralism, between trade agreements and national interest, he runs the risk of losing the ideological support of both sides—inside and outside his administration. And he sets himself up for a trade war if the wrong signals get sent. So far, in this as in many other areas, Clinton is attempting to split the differences for a more nuanced trade policy. The danger is that the world is often not as nuanced as he is. •

BOOKS & The Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on Films

Doubles

In 1932 George M. Cohan starred in a film called *The Phantom President*. He played two roles: a presidential candidate who is a sourpuss and his look-alike, a medicine-show spieler full of charm. The latter does all the campaigning for the former and, after the election is won, is supposed to disappear. The first person to suspect that the look-alike is an impostor is the true candidate's fiancée: she never really liked her husband-to-be, but she likes this man.

In 1993 Kevin Kline stars in *Dave* (Warner Bros.). He plays two roles: the president of the United States and a look-alike who is engaged to fill in for him at minor public occasions. The president suffers a severe stroke while boffing a secretary, and his chief of staff dragoons the look-alike into filling in for the president full-time, until power shifts can be arranged. The first person to suspect the replacement is the First Lady, because she likes him.

Gary Ross's screenplay for *Dave* has already been compared to *The Prisoner of Zenda*, *Kagemusha*, *Moon over Parador* and *The Prince and the Pauper*. My suggestion tops them all, I think, in consanguinity. Anyway, not many people are going to be bowled over by Ross's originality. (Or his dialogue, which is generally rather worn stuff.) But the plot twists are what matter here. Once the premise is set in place, the next question is: How is the script going to run the gamut of the obstacles that lie ahead and still end up O.K. for the man we care about?

The answer is: pretty deftly. The element that nags at us most is the question of the vice president, but that's taken

care of after a time, and the matter is capped with a brief but solid appearance by Ben Kingsley as the veep.

Kline is at home in comedy. To the genuine president, he brings the right reminiscent air of Bush without *Saturday Night Live* imitation, the feeling that if he were stabbed and said "Ouch," the "Ouch" wouldn't quite be convincing. To Dave, the live-wire sub, he gives the familiar Klinian fizz, the feeling that he is basically a springy acrobat speaking his lines in between leaps and tumbles and that he may bounce off the walls at any moment.

Sigourney Weaver is the First Lady, and despite some unsteadiness on high heels at the start and some quite unflattering photography (by Adam Greenberg), she succeeds in un-stooging a stooge part. Frank Langella schemes insidiously as the chief of staff, and Kevin Dunn sweats and grins and sweats again as his communications director.

The Secret Service man closest to the president, Ving Rhames, is a mobile bulwark.

A lot of familiar Washington faces are used to wrap this tissue paper with presence. Among these are Tip O'Neill, Paul Simon and Howard Metzenbaum. Media types, too, including three TNR faces familiar to T.V.—Barnes, Kinsley and Kondracke (noted here in strict alphabetical order). But my favorite bolstering from "real" life is a glimpse of Oliver Stone on "Larry King Live," insisting that a careful comparison of photographs of the president before and after a certain date would reveal differences.

The director was Ivan Reitman, whose past work—*Ghostbusters* and *Twins*, for instance—has not shimmered with finesse. He moves *Dave* along as lightly as he can, so that no moment bears too much weight. His worst touch is having Dave leave the White House near the end as a Lincolnesque figure against the sky. His best touch is anticipating, through Dave, a Clintonian burst of energy and good intentions in the White House.

In March 1962 I got one of the major thrills of my film-reviewing life. Harold Lloyd sent me a letter. I had reviewed a composite film he had just issued, *Harold Lloyd's World of Comedy*, made up of short and long sequences from some of his films, had loved it and had wondered why he hadn't simply reissued his best films. He wrote that several exhibitors had advised that this compilation "would be a better vehicle to reintroduce me to a generation that has never seen any of the Lloyd pictures before." It chilled my spine to think that there could be such a generation even during his lifetime.

Now the Film Forum in New York is doing some reintroducing of its own, a five-week-long Lloyd retrospective on the centennial anniversary of his birth. (Other cities, please copy.) The list runs

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Much Ado About Nothing Kenneth Branagh shows again, after Henry V, that he is a master of Shakespeare on film. The four Americans in the cast don't help, but he and the magnificent Emma Thompson revel with an otherwise glittering troupe. (Reviewed 5/10/93) **The Story of Qiu Ju.** A wife's persistence in righting an injury done her husband is the mainspring of this very pleasant comedy about rural China today. Gong Li captivates as the wife. Zhang Yimou directs subtly. (5/17/93) **Stolen Children.** An 11-year-old girl who has been prostituted by her mother is taken from Milan, with her younger brother, to a home in Sicily. A young policeman escorts them. Emotionally reticent, yet emotionally strong. (3/22/93) **The Night We Never Met.** If you have nothing better to do. Amusing fluff about a mix-up of three tenants in a Greenwich Village apartment. (5/17/93) —SK

from his earliest short, *Just Nuts* (1915) to *The Sin of Harold Diddlebock* (1947). So far I've seen only the first bill, *The Kid Brother* (1927), which by some fluke I'd never seen before and which is delightful, and *Safety Last* (1923), long a treasure.

The chief reason Lloyd had written me was to answer some questions I had raised about the famous human-fly sequence in *Safety Last*, in which he climbs up the facade of a skyscraper. The curious point about his answer is that he tried to perpetuate a myth that he had already revealed as untrue. He wrote me that the long sequence had been shot on five different buildings of increasing height; platforms, piled with mattresses, had been constructed, one story below him, with no railings. "In other words, if you should happen to fall to the platform, fall *flat*—don't roll."

But he had already given a much more believable account in a 1923 interview quoted by Tom Dardis in his biography of Lloyd. There he had said that his

people had built sets—fake facades—on the roofs of buildings of increasing height, back from the roof edge. If he slipped, he would fall only a few feet. And this method greatly facilitated camera work, which was done on a platform built on the roof where they were working. (For the long shots Lloyd used a double.)

I've never understood why Lloyd bothered to repeat the myth of greater daring. In this regard Dardis compares Lloyd to "William Faulkner, who liked to talk about his fictitious crash flights for the Royal Canadian Air Force, or Arshile Gorky, who liked to recall his days working with Kandinsky." Well, I never had a letter from Faulkner or Gorky, so I'm glad Lloyd persisted in his oddity.

He closed by hoping that we could meet sometime and talk further, but we never did. He died in 1971. I wish he could have heard the audience at the Film Forum. Plenty of people there had "never seen any of the Lloyd pictures before," and they were in stitches. •

Having It All

BY MINDY ALOFF

Push Comes to Shove by Twyla Tharp

(Linda Grey/Bantam Books, 376 pp., \$24.50)

These days one rarely hears the word "crossover" in the dance world, though just a few years ago it was the word of the moment. It was usually cited in the phrase "crossover choreography," and it meant dancing in which the conventional distinctions of prescribed styles are blurred or erased. In particular, it was used to refer to works by modern dance choreographers for ballet companies. The 1970s and '80s—a period that produced many choreographers trained in modern dance styles and few reared in ballet—were the golden age of crossover choreography.

The age is not quite over yet, however, and it won't be as long as its major figure is still working. That figure is Twyla Tharp. In 1973, when she was still considered a modern dancer, Tharp erupted as a force in ballet with a piece called "Deuce Coupe" for the Joffrey Ballet. Set to songs by the Beach Boys, and featuring a new set at each performance, created by young self-taught graffiti artists on an upwardly moving scroll,

"Deuce Coupe" set out the terms of crossover in a way that looks rather austere now. The cast was divided into two stylistic camps: modern (mostly represented by members of Tharp's own company, dancing off pointe, with lots of activity in the pelvic region) and ballet (performed by members of the Joffrey, and crystallized by the presence of a ballerina in white, dancing in pointe shoes). People cried during "Deuce Coupe," and they still do. The work presents a utopian vision of dance, in which things happen that you've been taught cannot happen, such as a dialogue between American ballet and American Bandstand, which makes both seem more wonderful for the comparison. It holds out the promise that street culture can be "classic," and that received classicism can make popular art: that ballet is the folk dance of late twentieth-century urban America.

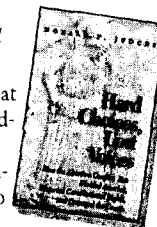
"Deuce Coupe" forced a generation of audiences to widen the aperture through which it viewed theatrical dancing, and it made the process fun. It trans-

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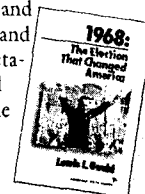
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gressed forbidden boundaries and, instead of getting creamed, it was extolled. An adolescent's dream come true, it appealed to a streak of youthful romanticism in us that is indispensable for the magic of ballet. It was "La Sylphide" without the witch.

Yet the fantasy of "Deuce Coupe" wasn't its manifest content; that content was the vocabulary of dancing. The work may have been fueled by sensual energy, but it was driven by steps. Tharp demonstrated that popular dances, which have been dismissed as mere shuffling around, were step-crazy in their way, while also suggesting that ballet steps, even arbitrarily deployed, can be warm and cool—that is, expressive—depending on how they are framed. Tharp's crossover was a Balanchinian sort: the forms were observed while the rhythms of those forms were exchanged. It is, in fact, the generation of scholars and critics bred on "Deuce Coupe" that is now showing us the abundance of Balanchine's allusions to dances such as the lindy-hop in such neoclassical masterpieces as "Concerto Barocco" and "The Four Temperaments."

Tharp could pull off this extraordinary hat trick because she herself is step-crazy, and has been from the outset of her career. A film in the Dance Collection at Lincoln Center shows that her first dance—a six-minute experiment called "Tank Dive," which was performed once, in 1965, in Room 1604 of the Hunter College Art Department—is actually a little medieval or space-age morality play. (Several men wear homemade armor.) The action builds to some sort of confrontation between nondancing knights and a unicorn-like woman in white (danced by Tharp herself), whose sacred treasure seems to be the essence of classicism, in this case represented by a grand plié and a slow relevé in second position.

Other films made of Tharp's work over the past twenty-five years affirm that, although her choreography has been affiliated with jazz and rock-and-roll dances, her vocabulary is much

more extensive. She has drawn on social dancing from virtually all the decades of this century, on vaudeville turns, on modern dance styles (notably those of Martha Graham, with whom Tharp once studied, and Paul Taylor, with whose company she once performed), on tap, on jazz, on acrobatic and eccentric styles and, pervasively, on ballet. What that focus on stylistic virtuosity has permitted her is a freedom from having to concoct fantasy. When a Tharp dance is really working, the fantasy emanates from it, like steam from freshly baked bread.



TWYLA THARP BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

In *Push Comes to Shove*, Tharp's autobiography, we learn that all the stuff of her dances—the range of movement, the obsession with language, the austere categorization and its regular denial, the susceptibility to being swept away by the forbidden, the ironic use of music as a tool to help project nonmusical ideas—derives from experience going back to her earliest years. Tharp is the eldest of four children. During her infancy her mother—who had suppressed her own aspirations to perform on the stage—noticed that Twyla had perfect pitch, and soon gave her music lessons. When Tharp was eight, the family moved from

the Indiana farm where her mother had been raised to Southern California, where her parents established themselves in a family business—a drive-in movie theater. Tharp had felt at one with that farm, and she never got over her resentment about the move. On the other hand, the loss of her first home instilled her with "a restlessness ever since ... marking the start of my attempts to understand life through motion." The break with wholeness made her a dancer.

In California Tharp took lessons in ballet, tap, baton twirling, the violin. She also excelled at school and worked weekends and summers at the drive-in. Moreover, she studied the drive-in audience and its relationship to the monumental images of desire flickering on the screen. "From the movies to the couples in the cars, the drive-in was about one thing and one thing only: sex. Everything there was illicit to me; that was the place's overpowering attraction." In one passage, she becomes an audience of the audience. Walking among the cars, flashlight in hand, scouring the interiors for "extra heads" (gate-crashers), she stares at the bodies grappling breathlessly in the seats, hip on hip, flesh on flesh, "couples in every wanton position and stage of undress." Dazzled, thrilled, sexually awakened, she glances up at the screen. "My God," she says, "What did Mother think she was showing people?" She goes on:

The sighs and studied cries, the carefully coached embraces, the limbs first demurely revealed, then gradually stripped, the seductive and delicate kisses, the men's direct, deep gazes—these were the masterpieces of the greatest love experts of all time, created for one purpose and one purpose alone: to make people want to make love. The art of these Fifties movies was in sustaining forever the moment before sex. They were a great big come-on, arousing without satisfying, and I sensed early that this perpetually suspended condition could be translated into art.

By her early 20s, Tharp's sensibility was formed. But she was not yet formed

as an artist, and only a very discerning eye would have been able to look at her and calculate her potential. She was one more bright, sassy college graduate (Barnard, art history), married to a young artist and taking a bunch of dance classes around Manhattan. There were scores of young adults like her knocking around town. Many were experimenting, as she would soon do, with making up their own dances and performing them in nontheatrical spaces, sometimes utilizing nondancers as performers and either abandoning musical accompaniment or treating music as an element from which the dancing could be, at will, detached.

Intellectual and moral seriousness of purpose—that is, no direct expressions of emotion or displays of theatrical bravura—were the order of the day. This climate lingered into the 1970s, and Tharp didn't escape it, even though by that time she and her company (then all women) were dancing in backless tuxedos to early jazz. But Tharp's notion of seriousness was characteristically unconventional. Thus "The Bix Pieces" of 1971 was not choreographed to the music of Bix Biederbecke, to which most of it was performed, but rather to the six quartets of Hayden's Opus 76; it was retrofitted to the jazz afterward. "I didn't use Bix's music directly," Tharp later explained in a television interview. "I was afraid of becoming too specific, of parody."

Yet one of the most powerful things about "The Bix Pieces"—which concludes with a monologue about the death of Tharp's father, the birth of her son and the relationship of these personal events to her impersonal art—is the sense it gives that beneath its reserve and off-handedness runs an emotional current so strong that the dance must fight to keep a preserving distance from it. This fight, this effort to keep things slight and noncommittal, or to tempt engulfing disaster, was already a subtext in lots of popular art of the time—rock, the movies, some off-Broadway theater, installations in art galleries, photography. You could detect the tension of this resistance as an undercurrent in actions and images, and to many people of Tharp's age it became a kind of secret code. To recognize it made you feel special for simply looking on, as Tharp had felt special looking on at the drive-in. To be a member of the audience was to become a private eye.

The effect on dance was profound, for in dance, where even codified technique exists to serve the logic of inarticulate fantasy and feeling, every watcher is essentially a private eye—scanning the

public stage picture for clues to inner life. For a moment, the whole country seemed to be looking at all the arts in the manner that only a tiny segment of the population had once looked at dance. This intersection of attitudes contributed to the phenomenon known as the "Dance Boom." People were looking harder at dance than ever, and they were noticing more. They were noticing, for example, the wit and the puzzle-solving abilities of Twyla Tharp.

For all their brainy wit, however, Tharp's dances didn't reduce to their intellectual attractions. The mind-boggling structures of her choreography managed to sneak in brute feeling through a trapdoor, and so deftly that an observer sensed it more than saw it, absorbed it telepathically more than sensed it. Tharp's autobiography confirms that she and her dancers shared the feeling—confirms that feeling, for its own sake, had motivated her improvisations since high school. "If a movement felt good, that was pretty," she writes,

and to this day those moments when my mind surrenders and my body takes over and moves of its own accord, governed only by muscles and reflexes—falling where it wants, stopping as it can, building the momentum to speed—are the only instances when I recognize true order. The body, outside the mind's control, moves intuitively as though in a barroom brawl.

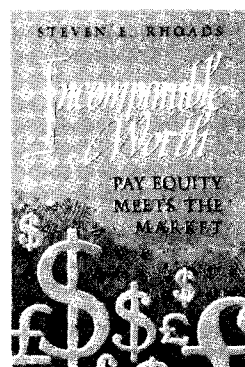
Intellection may be Tharp's method, but feeling is her muse. Yet every muse exacts her price, and in Tharp's case it has been high—both domestic instability and diminishing artistic returns. By 1976, Tharp's watershed year, when she broke into general stardom with "Push Comes to Shove," a smash hit for American Ballet Theater featuring the company's superstar Mikhail Baryshnikov, she had shed two husbands and was raising her young son, Jesse, alone. With "Push" and Baryshnikov, for whom she has made other dances (and who has been Tharp's off-stage partner from time to time), Tharp achieved what most of us mean by "having it all." Her subsequent work for television (notably the brilliant "Making Television Dance" in 1977), for Broadway (the ill-fated revival in 1985 of "Singin' in the Rain") and for Hollywood (the 1979 "Hair," the 1980 "Ragtime," the 1985 "White Nights") educated her in the techniques of the various media, but as far as educating her about her art, they were simply more "all."

It is one of the curious, and sad, ironies of Tharp's career that the very risk-taking and intellectuality of her work, which brought her to the attention

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of commercial producers, was also the first thing that they—or she, second-guessing their needs—edited out. In her book she speaks bitterly of her commercial work, for in taking it on, she knows that she has had to give up precisely the satisfactions that result from enjoying the final say over how the world sees you—satisfactions that led her to fall in love with dancing in the first place. This bitterness is not attractive; it makes her sound self-centered and mean-spirited. It is also earned.

Tharp is bitter about a lot of things, actually. Some of them she lays at her own door. It may be exciting, for example, to be an acclaimed choreographer and a virtuoso dancer and the director of her own company and a single parent and, in effect, her own key fund-raiser. But it is not much fun to be the child of such a parent, and Tharp is ruthless on herself in setting forth the details of her son's misery and sense of abandonment. She is also not blind to the awful joke that the very self-discipline that permitted her to keep her diverse projects afloat—while both keeping her own dancing in shape and expanding her vision on the concert stage of dancers as an idealized community of sparring yet ultimately connected age-mates—coincided with an increasing indiscipline in her personal life. Abortions, knockabout fights, unhappy love affairs, reliance on various artificial stimulants: Tharp had it all in those ways, too.

By the late 1970s and early '80s her work was very angry in its social themes and very punchy in its movement vocabulary. The amazing thing is that, on occasion, she attempted to invest this rage with a joyous subtext. She almost got away with it in "The Catherine Wheel" (1981), which tried to meld the sorry spectacle of a dysfunctional family and a magnificent display of circus acrobatics. When Tharp made rage the subtext of romance and joy, she achieved more enduring results, as in "Nine Sinatra Songs" (1983), arguably the greatest of her dances to date.

"Nine Sinatra Songs" is a suite of duets, comprised of meticulously researched ballroom steps. It moves from a romantic, sweeping fox-trot to a brutally amusing apache dance, and as it does so, it makes the Sinatra tunes sound edgier and edgier. By the time one gets to "That's Life"—the song for the apache number—his tone could cut through cotton candy. The sound of male anger is mirrored by the ballroom choreography, whose partnering technique accents male strength and initiative. "Nine Sinatra Songs" has been criti-

cized for political incorrectness: the men have been accorded too much power over the women, the line goes; give us back Tharp's all-women company, her Amazons of yesteryear. Of course people who take this position do not allow for the fact that in advanced ballroom dancing the woman's response to the man's lead depends on strength as well, and that the woman's own indirectly expressed initiatives can be equally consequential to the success of the union. The subliminal feminine rage of the work does not speak to the next generation. They seem to want the personal rage on the surface, and the politics of rage beneath it.

Tharp appears to understand this. Since 1981 she has turned out a number of dances that seal off the sense of human beings yielding to each other, sufficiently for anger to really wound—and some of these dances have been hits, such as "In the Upper Room" and "Brief Fling." When she permitted herself a reversion to the old, secret softness, as in "Bum's Rush" in 1989, a piece about the death of family feeling, it flopped with Ballet Theater audiences. ("Bum's Rush" was made at the moment that Tharp dissolved her own spiritual family—her 23-year-old company. I thought that it was a little masterpiece.)

Conversely, one of the hits of her New York season last year was "The Men's Piece," a dance-theater work for Tharp and three men (one a nondancer). Tharp spoke in the course of it, and her monologues dealt directly with issues of male-female partnering. Indirectly, they confronted issues of male-female intolerance in a gender-ridden age. Tharp's private feelings, which have always been bound up with the details of dancing, were now in your face, and in your ear. It was the audience's job to dowse them for general public issues, and the audiences I sat among did their job and relished it.

Tharp's autobiography seems to address those audiences. No, it pleases them—"I took the blows, and did it my way"—and portions of her record do have power: that scene in the drive-in, the analysis of Baryshnikov's efforts to absorb her movement style, the description of the only fight Tharp ever witnessed between her parents (her mother needled her father about his measurement of a chair and he threw a hatchet at her), her honesty about her relationship to her son, her honesty about her attempts to psych out her audiences one beat before they psych her out. The photographs are also illuminating. Many are candid snapshots: they reveal without glamorizing, and so make the calculated

studio shots (especially the ones by Tharp's longtime colleague Richard Avedon) into ironic punctuations.

Still, despite its likable passages and its general readability, the book as a whole fails its exemplary parts. It is highly judgmental, and although many of the judgments consist of Tharp blaming Tharp, after a while they all meld into a din of blame. She keeps trying to explain the root causes of human behavior, as if life could be boiled down to art, and in doing so she pre-empts the reader, who wants to know the texture and sensation of what happened, so that he or she can make his or her own judgments of the root causes. Memoirists don't like to hear such things, but, unfortunately for memoirists, that's what makes reading interesting.

The danger of authorial self-interpretations is that they can make experience sound embarrassingly superficial. An obvious instance is the passage in which Tharp describes herself and Baryshnikov in bed. It tells you that the dancers were physically in sync: "As we explored one another's bodies, the confidence we had as dancers let us invent transitions that flowed as smoothly as well-drafted duets." We're in the drive-in once again, training a flashlight on strangers in the backseats of cars. Except that Baryshnikov isn't a stranger, to her or to us. He and Tharp are adults making love, and even though the affair is fleeting, one has no sense of the experience as an emotional reality—of Baryshnikov's touch, of Tharp's fantasies, of jokes between them, of any intervening awkwardness that might lead to jokes. (At that time Baryshnikov spoke very little English.) As the book presents the encounter, it is a theatrical performance from which the narrator is, finally, detached. The same criticism could be leveled against Tharp's recountings of her abortions, her infidelities and other significant nontheatrical experiences (none of which, of course, anyone was forcing her to include). We eyeball them without absorbing them. She brings us into this part of her life in order to shut us out.

"Well," you might say, "What do you want? Tharp's métier isn't writing." To which I reply, she knows how to let you into her mind when she's writing about how she makes dances. I cite as evidence her passage about Balanchine as super-ego, which Tharp places within her description of the making of her 1970 trio "The Fugue." Tharp had not met Balanchine; in fact, she resisted opportunities to meet him: "My invisible mentor was so very useful." Her mentor is a daunting taskmaster. He sits on a chair

in the studio, and every time he sees Tharp try "to move on too quickly, leaving a loose end or taking an easy solution," he shakes his head, and she goes back to the labor for hard-won perfection. Yet from all we now know about the way Balanchine worked, this was exactly what he never did. He was not a perfectionist in this way. He worked quickly, left lots of loose ends, and went back later, confident that he could tie them up. Tharp's Balanchine sounds like somebody else—Jerome Robbins, maybe, or Tharp's mother. But it doesn't matter whether Tharp got Balanchine right in her fantasy of him. What matters is that she gives us a real insight into her frame of mind.

Oversimplification of motives makes the book's ending unbelievable:

Finally [in "The Men's Piece"] I can tell that my attempts to discover truth through objective distance have linked up with my gut, bringing my feelings into focus, allowing my own passion to flow into my classical forms. Letting the anger unify with the gratitude, I have made one dance, not two. I will continue to learn, but the apprenticeship is over. Finally I can feel I have caught up with myself.

Living people don't experience feelings in sentences that begin with "finally." Only characters in books—in mediocre books—experience feelings that way. Tharp tells us that she has reached a new, freeing psychic level, but her language is telling us that she is in chains.

Consider Avedon's thoroughly spontaneous head shot of Tharp on the dust jacket, in an attitude that recalls publicity photos of Audrey Hepburn, and compare it with the passage in *Push Comes to Shove* in which Tharp describes what she claims to be the moment in her life of greatest vision and joy. "While working on 'The Fugue' I also made 'The One Hundreds,' a dance I simply and modestly designed to represent the entire universe," she begins:

The idea came on a sunny spring afternoon. I was lying on a hill; bees buzzed about pockets of wildflowers; a single bird's call pierced every now and then through the general cacophony; the grass and nettles bristled up; the clouds moved swiftly. I saw this marvelous mix of smell, texture, movement, sound and touch—feeling my heart beating, and imagining I could feel my baby's heart beating too—all this dense completeness of God's creation reflected in one theatrical moment: One hundred people would fill a reasonably sized space with one hundred different and carefully crafted eleven-second phrases. In and out, on and off, in eleven seconds, simultaneously grand and humble. As I worked, choreographing these two pieces in a great

rush, my life was more balanced than ever before—my happiness was complete. I had a marriage that worked, a child on the way and work I cared about deeply, which I developed with a community of loyal and talented friends. Nothing was missing. For me, life, love and work cycled back and forth in a healthy flow. For a few brief months, in the spring and summer of 1970, I truly had it all.

This is a heartbreaking paragraph. Its very lack of glamor compels belief. Still, to believe Tharp here is to disbelieve the way that she presents the inside of herself elsewhere. In this autobiography, as in her career, she tries to have it all: happiness, tragedy, ingenuous wonder, jaded wisdom, the farm, the city, the

glamor that distances and the warmth that closes distances. The range of her ambition is admirable. Yet its embodiment has no integrity. The woman in the paragraph and the woman on the dust jacket remain divorced. Tharp the star and Tharp the human being also remain unintegrated. The writer turns out to be the star's worst enemy—moving too quickly, leaving loose ends and taking easy solutions to her goals. This book is one project in which Tharp really needed the man in the chair in the attic, and it is one project in which, somehow, she let him go.

MINDY ALOFF is a regular contributor to *The New Yorker*.

Rough Trade

BY JAGDISH BHAGWATI

Who's Bashing Whom? Trade Conflict in High-Technology Industries by Laura D'Andrea Tyson

(Institute for International Economics, 352 pp., \$25 paper)

Laura Tyson, the chief of President Clinton's Council of Economic Advisers, is anything but uncontroversial. She is also immensely smart. Her economist critics err when they cite her lack of academic distinction relative to their own as evidence of folly in the president's choice.

And yet good policy judgment comes in two varieties. You recognize it in others when they reach conclusions identical to your own, or when they persuade you to change yours. It is not a quality that many economists have, but it is desirable, certainly, in the president's chief economist. Unfortunately, if Laura Tyson's new book on trade policy is any guide, there is cause for concern.

The book displays a certain political skill. Tyson hedges by describing herself as a "cautious activist," and by making accommodating noises to keep critics at bay. Still, for all her disarming and disclaiming, her economic views emerge all too clearly. Tyson would overturn the basic premises of our postwar trading policies. And her arguments fail to persuade.

Concentrating on "high-tech" industries, Tyson declares herself in favor of three kinds of government action to help these industries: first, selective subsidies; second, the use of "aggressive uni-

lateralism" in the form of threats to close our markets and to pry open foreign markets that we unilaterally judge to be closed to us unfairly; and third, a resort to "managed trade," which economists define as the setting of restrictive quotas on imports and targets to expand exports, Tyson choosing the latter.

All of this she urges with "caution," and under "appropriate" conditions. But these policies would undermine, for a sizable and growing segment of world trade, the current international trading system. Under that system, the use of subsidies has been increasingly constrained. New trade obligations have been established through reciprocal concessions rather than through using intimidation to extract one-way concessions; and the trend is toward settling trade disputes in impartial multilateral tribunals. Moreover, managed or "results-oriented" trade, where bureaucrats fix quantities to be traded, has increasingly given way to "rules-based" trade, where the quantities traded reflect competition, just as in a game it is the rules that are fixed and not the final score.

Fearing Tyson's beliefs, which they have gleaned mostly from her reputation for being "against free trade" rather than from a close reading of her work, economists have reacted in two defen-

sive ways. Herbert Stein, a former chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, let his hopes triumph over his expectations, and in *The Wall Street Journal* he predicted that Tyson would return to the fold. Robert Barro of Harvard University, in the same newspaper, took an outlandish line: it did not matter who ran the Council of Economic Advisers, since it influenced nothing.

But such reassurances will not suffice. Tyson is a powerful figure now, and as her book makes clear, she has an agenda. Indeed, the most likely explanation for Tyson's appointment is the most obvious one: the president finds that her views broadly coincide with his own. (The president's unrehearsed statements on trade policy at his first press conference only confirmed this impression.) The importance of high-tech industries and the need to promote them in all necessary ways: these appear to be home truths that only impractical "theorists," who are out of touch with "reality," ignore. Few politicians remember, of course, that common sense is precisely the quality that makes people assert that the earth is flat, since that is how it appears to the naked eye.

The president can also be expected to be responsive to the high-tech executives who flocked around him during the campaign. And a president who won the campaign preaching an exaggerated message of economic decline will be vulnerable to economists who can equate high-tech special pleading with socially desirable policy. Tyson certainly plays that tune. The policy program of her book rests on the following logic. High-tech industries are more important than others; international trade and competition in them are skewed, because our trading rivals intervene more heavily than we do; when others intervene to help their high-tech industries, we must intervene, too; and the appropriate policies include subsidies, trade retaliation and managed trade.

Each of these assertions is unconvincing at best, flawed at worst. Consider, first, her infatuation with high-technology industry. Being high-tech is popularly thought to be synonymous with occupying the high ground; making semiconductor chips is better than making potato chips, as Clyde Prestowitz put it. Ross Perot loved Prestowitz's motto so much that he used it in the presidential debate. And Bill Clinton found Prestowitz's support so important that he cited it in the final debate as proof of his own Silicon Valley virtue. And yet, for all these endorsements, and Tyson's, the argument is shallow.

The definition of high-tech industry, for a start, is much too nebulous for purposes of policy. One favored criterion is above-average spending on research and development; but there are different ways of defining averages, and the period over which you calculate the average will yield different groups of high-tech industries. Also, if you think high-tech means using advanced technological know-how and highly skilled labor, then you may be in for some surprises. Michael Schrage has written in the *Los Angeles Times* about how potato chips are actually made by Pepsi Co.'s Frito-Lay subsidiary. It turns out that those guys are not slouches chewing tobacco on an assembly line that has seen no changes since Chaplin's days. Potato chips are made by pretty sophisticated technology these days.

Prestowitz has clearly bitten off more than he can munch; and so has Tyson. It is also not enough to say, as Tyson does, that R&D has beneficial spillovers for society at large, and that economists agree that those spillovers are often uncompensated. At best, that argues only for a general, rather than industry-specific, subsidy for research and development. Tyson is also guilty of concentrating only on R&D in manufactures as a source of uncompensated spillover effects. But don't doctors earn less than the happiness they provide simply by being accessible when you fall sick? Banks provide valuable infrastructure: Is this reflected in their profits? Are teachers' salaries a measure of their true worth? If I had to hazard an informed guess, I would say that services are at least as prone on the average as manufactures to yield uncompensated spillover effects, maybe more.

But Tyson wants to make a very specific case for singling out particular industries for support. She argues that certain high-tech industries have greater cachet in creating uncompensated externalities than do industries not on her list, and are therefore deserving of governmental support. But she does not bother to look at the evidence, sparse as it is, on where the uncompensated externalities are, and whether they correspond to her pecking order of favored industries. The economist Edward Mansfield did careful work on the returns from seventeen industrial innovations, and he found that the highest discrepancy between social and private returns from innovation was in "thread innovation" and then in "stain removers," neither of which would rank high on a high-tech list, or even appear on such a list at all. Besides, these discrepancies are so

different across industries, and so difficult to predict, that selecting any one industry, or any one bunch of industries, for prior support is nothing more than an act of faith. The empirical basis for such a selection is shaky indeed.

Unless Tyson has a crystal ball and can plausibly foresee, which she cannot, which industries are most deserving of a subsidy, we must stick to tax breaks for all R&D. It is a policy about which we may agree, since all we can tell for sure is that R&D in general turns out to have a social rate of return that vastly exceeds its private rate of return. This may favor the "high-tech" industries on Tyson's list. But it may not, since "over the last decade, the ten ... industries classified as high-technology industries by the U.S. Department of Commerce funded nearly 60 percent of private industrial R&D in the United States." That more than 40 percent of American R&D is funded by non-high-tech industries suggests that the net effect of a general R&D subsidy may well be to pull resources to these industries rather than to Tyson's preferred ones. And this would likely be the better outcome.

Moreover, recent research by the economists David Dollar and Edward Wolff has shown that Japan's particular industries, including high-tech industries, "emphatically" contribute nothing to explaining why Japan's aggregate productivity has been catching up with ours. Although "much of the American obsession with Japan arises from that country's success in some highly visible [mostly high-tech] lines: automobiles, television, VCRs and computers," they conclude that "Japan caught up with the United States because its relative productivity increased in every industry." The same basic result holds for other OECD countries, and therefore "there is not some key industry or product line that has to be captured as the means to economic success."

I suspect that the preference for computer chips over potato chips is, in the end, also a form of quasi-Marxist technological determinism. Surely it is not what you produce that determines what you are; it is what you do with yourself. You could be producing semiconductor chips, fitting boards mindlessly, exporting them in order to import potato chips, eating them as you watch television and turning into a society of morons. Alternatively, you could be producing potato chips with advanced technology, exporting them to import semiconductor chips embedded in P.C.s that you use imaginatively to improve yourself, turning into a society of creative cit-

izens. It is the "fundamentals," your education and your aspiration, that finally matter, not your work station and your industry.

Proceeding from the unproved premise that the high-tech industries must be preferred, Tyson argues that we are sitting by idly while others intervene sensibly to seduce high-tech to their shores. Why do we tie our hands while others fight? Partly because we refuse to admit that others do fight; and partly because we subscribe to the defunct doctrine of free trade, turning the other cheek.

Tyson's contention that others fight and we don't rests on case studies that are selective; they do not reflect an unbiased sample. Sure enough, Motorola pagers had a difficult time breaking into Japan, and the European airbus was subsidized with dogged determination. But you would not know from Tyson that the Japanese government's subsidies for private sector R&D, for example, are no more than \$1 billion annually, running at about 3 percent of the \$30 billion in R&D subsidies dispensed to private companies by our government. Indeed, as Gary Saxonhouse has noted, our government spends far more, in absolute and proportional terms, than Japan's on civilian R&D even when our defense-related expenditures are ignored.

The selectivity of Tyson's empirical research is also evident in her discussion of the complex issue of Japan's "closed" markets. Tyson cites only those who favor her own position, ignoring the work of Saxonhouse and Robert Stern, who have shown that Japan's average tariffs and nontariff barriers have fallen to negligible levels, perhaps even to levels lower than ours. Indeed, in manufactures, our extensive use of voluntary export restraints (for example, on Japanese autos) and our resort to antidumping actions, given Japan's virtual self-denial of these protectionist devices, put our manufacturing protection well ahead of theirs.

The debate has shifted, therefore, to "structural" barriers in Japan's market. To understand this issue, recall the Tarzan movies of your childhood. The jungle may be closed to you because the natives, led by the chief, are shooting poisoned arrows at you. But if they are not, and the jungle is open (and inviting because of the gold that it promises), the progress of the safari through the jungle is constrained by the tall grass and the thick vegetation. Then again, the path through the jungle is hazardous because of the dangers posed by traps, laid by natives to hunt animals but inadvertently dangerous to the safari as well. In short,

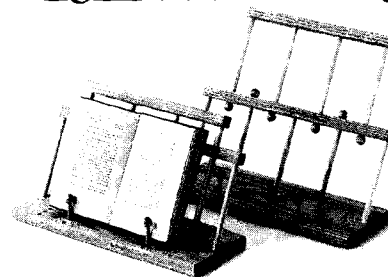
openness and penetrability are different things.

The focus of the debate about Japan has now shifted from openness to penetrability, even though politicians and sloppy economists continue to talk of Japan's "closed" market. Is the penetrability of the Japanese market for manufactures unusually low? Attempts at proving that Japan is impenetrable are a growth industry in the high-tech economics sector, but it is the rare study that is not in dispute. The most cogent analyses have been directed at showing how Japan's *keiretsus* (or close-knit business groups) reduce imports from abroad by buying preferentially from their own domestic suppliers. But even these studies run into serious conceptual problems. *Keiretsus* are informal groupings, and hence hard to work into statistical analysis. They come in many different varieties. Moreover, vertical *keiretsus* (closely linked suppliers and users) are only an informal counterpart of vertically integrated companies, far more common here. Do we complain about IBM making its own semiconductor chips (and hence preventing Hitachi from selling them to IBM by "denying access"), or about General Motors, which produces more than 75 percent of its parts itself (while the share of the average in-house production of parts in Japanese auto plants is closer to 25 percent)? Indeed, some of the same factors that encourage close supplier relationships among firms there stimulate vertical integration here. Can the same thing be bad in Japan and good in America?

To be sure, those who find others to be competing unfairly rarely examine their own backyard. It is not just that similar roadblocks can obtain at both ends. Rather, what we consider to be perfectly reasonable, given our culture and our history, will often present obstacles to others who evolved differently. If the safari finds the jungle difficult to penetrate, the debut of the Earl of Greystoke in London and the entry of Crocodile Dundee into New York were no walkover, either. Think of how the older-generation Japanese must have struggled to get a toehold in our markets, which presented both perils and opportunities: the English language was an imposing barrier to entry, and residues of racism were widespread.

Tyson ignores all such complications of perspective, advocating that the United States respond head-to-head, matching each play with a play of our own. As the Clinton campaign promised in *Putting People First*, if they do not play by our rules, we will play by theirs. Tyson suggests that this "eye for an eye"

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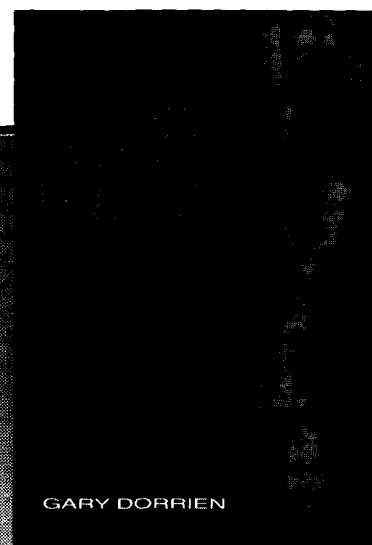
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response has been inhibited in the United States by the doctrine of unilateral free trade, now defunct because of a "new" theory of trade. She errs. We have never been unilateral free traders. The "old" theory of trade allows amply for shared embrace of free trade. The GATT, designed and supported by the most distinguished free traders of the postwar generation of international economists, is premised on the mutuality of trade obligations and concessions. The reasons for not going along with Tyson's prescriptions are far more complex and nuanced than mere reflexive commitment to unilateral free trade.

The lament that our markets are open when others are closed has its flip side in the current self-indulgent view that we have been altruists in our trade policy, giving concessions that are not matched by those we receive. This belief does not sit well with the facts. Unlike nineteenth-century Britain, with its passionate commitment to unilateral free trade, we have generally insisted on reciprocity of concessions. Even the Trade Act of 1934, which began trade liberalization after the disastrous Smoot-Hawley Tariff of 1930, has the word "reciprocal" in its title. What we did in the postwar period was to provide leadership in creating and sustaining a GATT-based multilateral trading system, geared to opening markets through successive rounds of negotiations. But you can lead without being altruistic. In virtually all rounds (except the very earliest, when the others were prostrate after the war), we collected as much as we gave.

It is also incorrect to assert that free traders have generally been unilateralists because that is what the "old" trade theory of Adam Smith taught them. Yes, we do teach our students that if others harm themselves and us through trade barriers, that is no reason to compound the damage by erecting our own. As Joan Robinson used to say, if others throw rocks into their harbor, why throw rocks into your own? But then we also know that Adam Smith had clearly advanced the argument that there are times when we may usefully threaten to impose tariffs to get others to remove theirs. You may be able to throw rocks at others and thereby to force them to dredge up the ones they have thrown into their own harbor.

Cosmopolitan free traders also have argued for symmetry of free trade obligations. I might gain if you subsidize and cheapen the goods that I import; but your subsidy distorts the incentives shaping the allocation of activity among different nations. Cosmopolitan free

traders prefer free trade for all to unilateral free trade by oneself, just as one may gain by receiving stolen property but object to doing so because of the effect that would have on the system at large. In fact, the GATT, overseeing world trade since 1947 and now 108 nations strong, embodies precisely these "systemic" views of free trade. In both trade obligations and concessions, the institution seeks symmetry and reciprocity.

Tyson, then, need not fear free traders. Few free traders are for unilateral disarmament. But they need fear her. For she goes well beyond the suspension of belief in unilateral free trade to embrace aggressive unilateralism against our rivals. She endorses our use of (even GATT-illegal) tariffs against countries whom we have unilaterally decided are "unfairly" competing with us; she wants to enforce corrective measures, including a commitment from them to import targeted quantities of specific items such as semiconductor chips. Thus she challenges (and, as the president's chief economist, endangers) multilateralism as the process for establishing and enforcing trade discipline. She is an enemy of rules-based trade.

The heavy hand of American industries is evident in Tyson's thinking, not least in her failure to consider that the interventions of foreign governments may have been foolish and our failure to match them may have been wise. The Concorde, a commercial disaster, gets only one mention in her book. She fails to probe thoroughly the story of High-Definition Television, told by Cynthia Beltz, in which the Japanese government was "pro-active" but backed the wrong (analog) horse, while we were passive and won by betting on the (digital) winner. Clearly this is the highest profile test case for those in favor of selective industrial policy. Its proponents clamored for intervention: influential business, labor and congressional leaders sent an open letter to President Bush and Congress, urging that the government support this crucial technology, warning that our trading rivals were already investing hundreds of millions of dollars in it.

On the European airbus and on Japanese semiconductors, there are many studies now suggesting that governmental support produced disadvantageous results. But Tyson either ignores them, or dismisses them summarily with agile footnotes. The grounds on which she rejects the well-known study by Richard Baldwin and Paul Krugman, which concluded that the Japanese policy on semiconductors had harmed the Japanese economy, are telling. Tyson argues that the Japanese government's

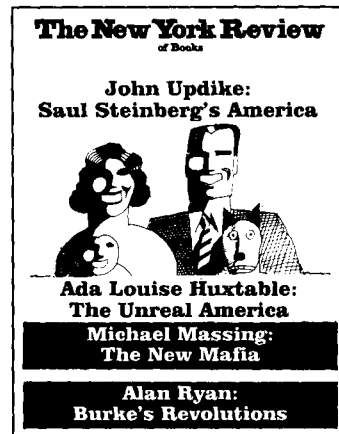
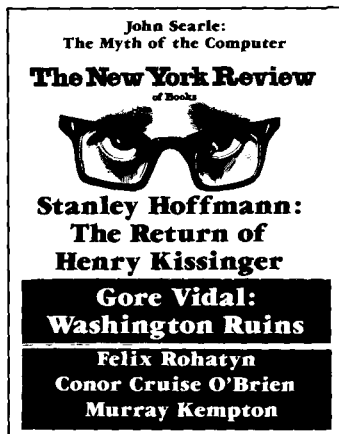
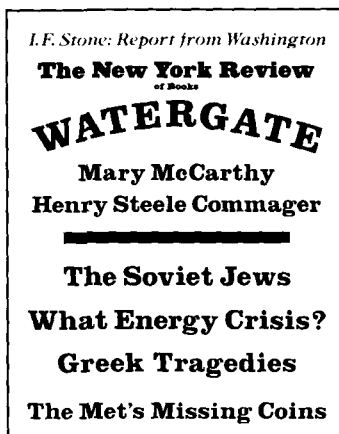
first priority was to support and attract the semi-conductor industry, rather than to worry about the costs to consumer welfare, and that in any case, thanks to the spillover effects from producing one's own chips, the disadvantages of intervention were exaggerated.

But this will not do. Surely Tyson would not want to evaluate industrial policy in terms of industry-defined or government-defined objectives such as protecting production, rewarding friends and satisfying lobbies, without asking whether the policy was socially desirable or undesirable. And the broad appeal to spillovers, without any attempt at calculating whether they are large enough to offset Baldwin and Krugman's findings, is a trifle disappointing in a work that advocates a shift in our policies on the basis of economic analysis. Tyson's attitude plays into the hands of those who facetiously argue that spillovers and externalities are the last refuge of the scoundrel, and of others, more cynical, who maintain that they are the first.

But if Tyson, along with American industries, exaggerates the need to match what others do by mistaking their occasional folly for beneficial intervention, she is also overzealous in emphasizing the importance of taking the lead. In analyzing oligopolistic industries in which a few players compete, economists often analyze "first mover" advantages and the ability to make it difficult for latecomers to enter the market. Tyson fears, for the most part, that foreign actions (for example, subsidies) and inactions (for example, failure to break up *keiretsus*) will create irreversible first-mover advantages for foreign high-tech firms at the expense of American firms. If we wait to negotiate agreed rules, as at the GATT, on matters where we have concluded that others already may be seizing the opportunity to gain ground, then Tyson concludes all will be lost. Therefore we must act unilaterally and immediately.

Tyson panics too much. Has she not heard of the "latecomer's advantage"? Developing countries in the postwar period grew at unprecedented speed because they increased their investment rate, but also because they could profit by taking vast technological know-how off the shelf. Many firms leapfrog ahead of the first-movers. Recent theoretical work demonstrates the possible wisdom of "better late than early." Many real world stories, carefully recorded by the economist Michael Sherer, also document how United States firms have successfully fought back when others have moved ahead.

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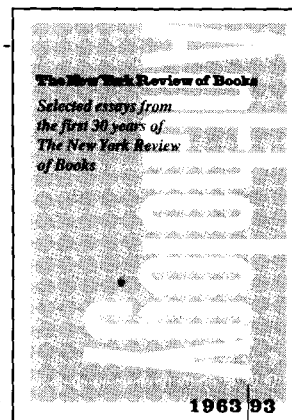
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Tyson's policy prescriptions are nonetheless in tune with the petulance that attends the "diminished giant syndrome" as we face the competition from the Pacific: the suspicion that they are gaining thanks to unfair trade practices is hard to dispel, even to moderate. Her positions also dovetail nicely with the inclination to interventionism that attends declinism. The great economic historian Alexander Gerschenkron once observed that state interventionism increases the more you are behind. Declinism fits the pattern: the fear of falling behind strengthens the visible hand as much as the reality of being behind.

In a declinist ethos, moreover, corporate interests become important bedfel-

lows of the proponents of the general interest. Though John Kenneth Galbraith exaggerated in saying that what was good for General Motors was (necessarily) bad for the United States, it is no exaggeration to note that much of the country is now in a mood to assert the opposite, that what is good for General Motors is (necessarily) good for the United States. Thus have panic and petulance, ideology and interests combined to make Tyson the woman for this season. A long, northern winter is on its way.

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Connoisseur Abroad

By E. V. THAW

Splendid Legacy: The Havemeyer Collection

(Metropolitan Museum of Art, catalog 432 pp., \$65, \$45 paper; exhibit open March 27-June 20, 1993)

The Metropolitan Museum is now a little like a mall filled with designer boutiques. Wings are variously named Lehman, Tisch, Wallace, Astor, Sackler, Kravis and so on. In the case of Lehman, the naming commemorates the bequest of a major collection, under the condition that the museum build and pay for a completely separate wing. The other names commemorate cash gifts or pledges toward the cost of bricks and mortar. But until just recently, when her vast collection went on display, you couldn't find Mrs. Henry O. Havemeyer's name emblazoned in big type anywhere.

When she died in 1929, Mrs. Havemeyer bequeathed a large and choice selection of her vast collection—oriental art, decorative arts, Old Master paintings and above all nineteenth-century French masterworks, including the world's largest and finest accumulation of paintings and sculptures by Degas. But her bequest was made in a rare spirit. It was her particularly enlightened and intelligent choice that her art possessions (the importance and the quality of which she understood as well as anyone) should fit in where they belonged in a large, encyclopedic museum. In a letter to her children asking their help in seeing her bequest properly carried out as a memorial to their father, she wrote:

I have made very few stipulations in my will in regard to the placing or care of the collection because I believe there are those who are as intelligent and as interested as I in the care and conservation of a valuable gift.

What faith in the good offices of a museum! And what an absence of ego or any attempt at control beyond the grave. Lucky thing she did not live into the Hoving era at the Met, when Manet's "Boy with a Sword," a picture that she and her husband deeply regretted not having in their own collection, was slated for deaccessioning like so many others, and was only saved by a last minute barrage of publicity.

Yet the great Havemeyer exhibition now on view at the museum, with its fat catalog, vindicates her faith. The whole collection was exhibited briefly in 1930, in a temporary memorial show that had only a checklist for a catalog and virtually no illustrations or accompanying information. After that, the pictures, objects, porcelain, glass, prints, drawings and sculptures were integrated into their respective curatorial departments at the Met, never to be reassembled or published properly until now.

As a young, unmarried woman on her first trip to Paris in 1874, Louisine Elder met the American painter Mary Cassatt, who had arrived there about a year earlier. Their friendship grew, and shortly

afterward, with Cassatt's advice and her own saved money, she bought a Degas ballet scene and a Monet, both considered then to be the cutting edge of modernity. (These were possibly the first paintings by each artist to reach America.) Later, having become a friend and a patron of Degas, she learned that her purchase had come at a moment of financial stress for the artist. In other contexts the story falsely turned into the myth that Degas, but for her timely purchase, was about to give up painting.

In 1883 Louisine married Henry O. Havemeyer, the scion of a family that had long been in the sugar business. He prospered mightily, creating the Sugar Trust, one of the great nineteenth-century business combines that so exercised our lawmakers and prosecutors around the turn of the century. Harry, as he was called, must have had an eye for art also, since he had begun to acquire Japanese textiles well before courting his wife. But together, as the fortune grew, they pursued their great collecting adventure in a remarkable, very American, yet curiously sophisticated way.

It was an age of Robber Barons and virtually no taxes and, thanks to a combination of cultural insecurity (vis-à-vis Europe) and arrogance, it was a great age of American art collecting. Bernard Berenson had not yet reached his zenith of influence, but rich Americans were nevertheless in pursuit of certified Old Masters. Mostly that meant, even then, Italian Renaissance paintings, English portraits and an occasional Rembrandt, for emotional depth. Those with a penchant for more recent art, but art also certified by the consensus of accepted good taste, bought the Barbizon painters: Millet, Diaz, T. Rousseau, Daubigny and of course Corot, the American all-time favorite (of whom it was later said that he painted 2,000 pictures of which 6,000 are in America alone).

Before and after his marriage, Henry Havemeyer showed an inclination to collect along this safe and accepted path. But with Louisine's ambition to be both more modern and more truly original, and with the arrival in New York of Durand-Ruel, the firm from Paris with its roster of Impressionists, a change began to take place. Their more daring approach to acquisition was further encouraged by the planning and building of a Fifth Avenue mansion, 1 East 66th Street, from 1888 to 1892. The somewhat prosaic French Renaissance exterior was designed by the architect Charles Haight, but the extravagant and Sheherezade-like interior was created by Louis Comfort Tiffany. It contained, as

did so many such houses at the time, a private art gallery.

Here Harry indulged his masculine taste with expensive Rembrandts for his private study. Louisine, having introduced her husband, finally, to Cassatt in Paris, resumed the steady acquisitions of works by Degas, Monet, Courbet and Manet that are still the glories of her bequest. Courbet became a particular favorite of Harry's, and he even allowed his wife to persuade him to acquire that artist's great but salacious nude, "Woman with Parrot." (It was kept in a closet.) Louisine writes in her memoirs:

I begged Mr. Havemeyer to buy the picture, not to hang it in our gallery lest the anti-nudists should declare a revolution and revise our Constitution, but just to keep it in America, just that such a work should not be lost to the future generations nor to the students who might with its help, and that of other pictures, someday give a national art to their own country.

The house, once complete, with Tiffany's sparkling mosaics and the gilded metalwork and opalescent glass, and filled with the Havemeyers' wonderful works of art, must have been a thrilling experience. Its sheer exoticism, echoing Japan and Samarkand as well as Celtic and Viking motifs, was in sharp contrast to the typical millionaire residences of the time, with their brand new Louis xv and Louis xvi gold ballroom chairs and ceilings painted with atrocious travesties of Boucher.

After Henry Havemeyer's sudden and untimely death at 60, in 1907, Louisine, who lost her mother on the day of her husband's funeral and her twin new-born granddaughters three weeks later, was also feeling financial insecurity from the relentless and successful prosecutions of her late husband's Sugar Trust. In a depressed state she kept up her habit of acquiring art, but now mostly by exchange. On a crossing to Europe in 1909, seeking to escape the press coverage of the business scandal, Louisine tried to throw herself overboard. Her daughter Electra succeeded in preventing her, but Louisine showed all the signs of a classic nervous breakdown.

Her emotional recovery and her subsequent career as a leading feminist and Suffragette show her qualities and her independence. She organized art exhibitions to raise money to further the cause of the woman's vote; she delivered speeches and lectures; and she wrote a fascinating book of her experiences with art, *From Sixteen to Sixty: Memoirs of a Collector*, which the Metropolitan Museum has now republished to accom-

pany the great exhibition.

Although Louisine Elder Havemeyer was in so many ways an exemplary human being—as a mother, a public spirited citizen, an enlightened philanthropist and a paragon of good taste—she had some obvious weaknesses as a collector, which the belated and somewhat smug catalog of the present exhibition reveals. While she was lucky in the close and trusting relationship she had with Paul Durand-Ruel, who usually treated her honestly and wisely, she was a bad judge of character in many other cases. Like so many Jamesian Americans abroad, she fell for the arranged visits to some palace or château where the Count of this or the Duke of that might be willing to part with a picture. Notwithstanding the less scientific age in which she collected, and despite her triumphant successes, such as El Greco's "View of Toledo" and "Seated Cardinal," and the great Bronzino portrait, the Havemeyer experience with Old Masters is a blotchy one. Their prescient discovery of the Spanish masters led to no genuine Velasquez among several tries, and only four out of their fifteen Goyas are still accepted today. With Harry's Rembrandts, a similar triage has occurred; but Rembrandt is an artist who may disappear altogether if the historians continue to pick away at his "oeuvre" any further.

The Havemeyers' mistakes, however, should not be treated too condescendingly, a temptation to which the catalog occasionally succumbs. The famous picture "Two Majas on the Balcony," which is now "attributed to Goya," has been one of the great treasures of the museum since it arrived there. It is only in the last few years that the Met finally listened to the whispers that questioned the authorship of this famous piece. Here the Havemeyers certainly bought with the best available advice and with due deliberation. The young curators who now parrot the latest word are no smarter thereby than the adventurous risk-takers who bought with their hearts, sometimes too impetuously. Louisine was warned by Mary Cassatt about the agent Madrazo in Spain. She might as well have been cautioned about Theodore Duret, a well-known critic and, it seems, a shady private dealer. He sold her genuine and fake Courbets and knew exactly what he was doing.

Apart from the mistakes, which are eminently forgivable in the light of the overwhelming grandeur of the successes, what is also curious and somehow admirable is the truly personal quality of the collection. Both Havemeyers settled

on the artists they liked and proceeded to collect them in depth. Corot, Courbet, Manet, Monet, Degas, Cezanne, Cassatt. Only one Renoir (a very good one), one Delacroix, a famous Gericault, which they sold; no Gauguin, no Seurat, no Lautrec, no Redon. In Corot's case, the Havemeyers strangely preferred the wonderful late figure paintings, which were nearly unknown until after Corot's death, to the feathery grey-green landscapes so admired by the Barbizon collectors.

Although the Metropolitan Museum did get the biggest part of this enormous collection, masses of wonderful things went elsewhere. The National Gallery and museums in Brooklyn, at Smith College, in Kansas City and elsewhere now have major works either given by, or formerly belonging to, the Havemeyer family. The organizers of this exhibition have attempted to reassemble as much as they could of the original total. A checklist of paintings and identifiable drawings, in an appendix to the catalog, records some 535 items. No such list exists, I think, for the great prints, the antiquities, glass, ceramics and decorative arts.

What anniversary or special occasion gave the impetus for this long delayed event? One can cite two unrelated causes. The late Frances Weitzenhoffer, a pupil and research assistant of John Rewald, the great historian of Impressionism, wrote a doctoral thesis and then a book called *The Havemeyers: Impressionism Comes to America*. Her research was thorough, and her access to the archives of both the family and the Durand-Ruel firm in Paris revealed for the first time the astonishing story of the making of this great collection, the admirable character of Louisine and her friendship with the difficult Cassatt. After Weitzenhoffer's tragic and untimely death in 1991, all of her files relating to the Havemeyers were given to the Met. It is this material that has formed the basis for the information in this big catalog. It is acknowledged, but not adequately.

The other immediate cause of this Havemeyer tribute is the impending arrival of Walter Annenberg's pictures and the attendant upheaval in the Met's nineteenth-century painting galleries. This important collection will come with the stipulation that it must stay together. Thus the André Meyer Galleries are no more, and the wing in question will be redesigned as the Annenberg Galleries. The rest of the Met's nineteenth-century holdings (much of it Havemeyer) will be placed in proximate satellite rooms that will, at least, keep similar things near each other.

Whatever the motivation, whatever the guilt that this was not done long ago, one is grateful to have this memorial to a kind of old-fashioned enlightened philanthropy that is the silver lining of the storm clouds of America's rough-and-tumble capitalism. A great accumulation of wealth encouraged a massive transfer of art from Europe to

our shores, and the Havemeyers were not alone in wanting their treasures to be available for the instruction and pleasure of the American people; so, among their contemporaries, did Frick, Morgan and Freer. Louisine was almost unique, however, in the selfless and intelligent way in which she accomplished her work. •

community. The cast of characters takes some time to assemble. And for a spelunking temperament like Joubert's there is a good deal more involved. Every person—waitress, lounge lizard or community stalwart—is not just a presence, but a history; and every history is for him a kind of root-system stretching back years, even decades.

Invisible Man

BY SVEN BIRKERTS

Divine Days by Leon Forrest

(Another Chicago Press, 1138 pp., \$32.50)

Leon Forrest is the invisible man of contemporary African American letters. Born in Chicago in 1937, raised and educated there, Forrest has been publishing novels since the early 1970s, including *There is a Tree More Ancient Than Eden* (1973), *The Bloodworth Orphans* (1977) and *Two Wings to Veil My Face* (1983). But public and critical reception have been minimal, to say the very least. Forrest's name does not come up much in discussions of writing; the indexes of scholarly studies march blithely forward without him.

I don't know that the publication of *Divine Days*, his megalithic novel, will change the situation much. I have not seen the book reviewed, or even mentioned, anywhere. That it is a third again as long as *The Brothers Karamazov* is not likely to recommend it to readers short on time and stamina. This would be a shame, and an enormous loss. *Divine Days* is unlike anything else in our recent literature. At once a comic opera and a metaphysical tract, this great wordy beast stamps and blinks in the glittering light of the marketplace like something kidnapped from a more expansive age.

Unfolding over the course of seven days in February, 1966, the novel carries us deep into the life of its narrator Joubert Jones, and at the same time layers around us the stories and the myths—the great fabric of polyphonic talk—of an entire community. The place is a Chicago-like city in the author's own Forest County. Joubert, a would-be playwright whose work thus far has only met with rejection, has returned from a stint of military service in Germany. He plans to set himself up and resume his writing, but for the short run he has moved in

with his feisty aunt Eloise, who raised him after his parents died. Joubert also takes on the job of managing her bar, Eloise's Night Light Lounge, a place that he comes to see as a kind of stage for the tragedies and the comedies of neighborhood life. For all his determination to get on with his own work, Joubert finds himself utterly immersed in the human swirl around him. He tells himself that just by being present he is serving a dramatist's apprenticeship.

Joubert has been blessed with a special gift. He is susceptible to voices, and each one that he hears or remembers serves him as a pipeline to the speaker's soul. This is the source of his playwrighting itch: he can hardly turn around without colliding with another inspiration. Once, he tells us, he thought of "trying to run a ladder up the hieroglyphics of Charlie Parker's tortured soul, then transforming this experience of his voice into a one-act play." His current fancy, which will occupy him increasingly as the book progresses, is to write a play "about the soul within the voice of Sugar Groove." Traveler, talker, ladies' man, Sugar Groove (also known as Sugar Grove, Sugar Shit and a dozen other "sugar"-based monikers) is a Forest County legend. Joubert knew him years ago and has been fascinated ever since. Reports that Sugar Groove's body was recovered from a faraway mountain top will activate Joubert's memories; the man's enigmatic story will eventually give him answers about his own life.

Eventually, *Divine Days*, it must be said, gets underway slowly, like a great long freight train clattering its couplers out of the yard. Joubert's world, past and present, is thickly settled. Both he and his aunt are vital agents in the life of the

But Joubert feels no compulsion to narrate quickly. Why, when narration is so interesting? Consider the excitements of the very first day, when Joubert finds himself embroiled in a knock-down shouting match with one Daisy Dawes, a sad, bewigged, dog-toting, spike-heeled old woman who has taken offense at an aspersion cast by Joubert at W.A.D. Ford. Ford, another legend, is the now-vanished huckster preacher, a "hermaphroditic" saver of souls who practiced his orgiastic messianism in his church, *Divine Days*, which is now the site of the lounge.

The Daisy Dawes confrontation begins as a "dirty dozens" trading of insults and jibes, with many of the onlookers chipping in. One of the regulars, Roy Ruffins, says of her dog Tosca: "that dog pisses perfumes, shits caviars and farts wine sauce ... and if I'm lying, I'm flying." Joubert speeds and slows his report, taking time to fill us in on Daisy's past and on certain peculiarities of Ford's ministry. By the time we reach the climactic moment, with Daisy brandishing a .44 from her purse and then falling backward off her stool, we have taken the first of many tours of the human labyrinth that is Forest County. What's more, we have taken our first measure of the elusive Ford, the man who will emerge as Sugar Groove's great antagonist and an emblem of the collective superstitions of the community.

In scene after scene, the pattern repeats. Nearly every one of Joubert's encounters is a point of departure for an anecdotal history. At first, naturally, there is some confusion. The reader keeps checking the back of the book to see whether a chart of identifications might not have appeared. But after a while the root systems begin to grow together. Characters start showing up in each others' stories, and we relax into the meandering momentum of Joubert's talk, bunching our brows perplexedly only when he offers some new piece of Ford apocrypha, such as his much ballyhooed Easter ascension at the end of a levitating umbrella, or an inventory of the cache he left behind in his storefront church, which included

the mighty egg-shaped shell and oval coffin box (he himself was known to take a ten or fifteen minute catnap there, only to

Is the Pope the Anti-Christ?



No. But as Harvard historian Arthur Schlesinger Sr. observed, prejudice against the Catholic Church is "the deepest bias in the history of the American people."

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rebound with the agility of an antelope); the stockpile of African masks about the wall; the seven sacred Hopi Masks; the one hundred bottles of snake oil...

Forrest, word-gluttled as Rabelais, is a master of the list, ticking off objects and names in endless catalogs, serving serial adjectives as appetizers to his nouns and contriving insult choruses that would scorch the wimple on the most liberal nun.

Characters, too, traipse before us in a vast processional. In what we must think of as the early pages—though many another novel would be in end-game at this point—we meet and hear from, among others, Galloway Wheeler, a one-time teacher and Shakespeare scholar who peppers the proceedings, whatever they may be, with appropriate citations from the Bard; Williemain, the garrulous barber who presides over a select men's conversation society that Joubert has been invited to pledge; McGovern McNabb, a Falstaff-sized boozier who stops the action for thirty pages when he crashes unconscious to the barroom floor, to be revived only by a vigorously administered ice-pack on the privates; and a beautiful but haunted young painter who calls herself Imani, and who, in addition to covering canvases with the likenesses of her African American heroes—Martin, Mal-

colm and others—conducts desperate searches for the many members of her family who have gone missing. Joubert longs for Imani, believes he could love her, but cannot seem to find the path to her heart. Imani thinks that Joubert is denying his African origins and is turning his back on the struggles of his people; in one scene she gets so upset with him that she chases him from her apartment.

The reader trained to the expectations of the Anglo-American novel waits for the rising action, for some sustained engagement or conflict to develop between the principal characters. That reader may wish to shop elsewhere, for this is an altogether different sort of enterprise. So different, in fact, that we begin to understand why the critical establishment has not caught on to Forrest. If Ellison's *Invisible Man* can be seen as the liberation of the African American novel, a claiming of new speculative and expressionistic options, then Forrest's work represents the transposition of these initiatives into the key of orality. What may from one vantage look like a sprawl of chatter and association looks from another position like a heroic effort to plant the African American novel in its original soil.

In his recent study, *To Wake the Nations: Race in the Making of American Literature*, Eric J. Sundquist has observed that "Just

as anthropologists are likely to misperceive the 'sounds' of another culture they attempt to record or analyze, so readers and literary critics... are likely to misperceive and misunderstand the signs generated by another cultural tradition when they force unfamiliar signs into familiar and hence potentially inappropriate paradigms..."

Something of the sort, I suggest, has been happening with the work of Forrest. The largely white critical establishment seems to be missing the man's music. *Divine Days* is not a clomping foray

into mimesis, it is a sluicing of the energies of black speech. It looms as a tour-de-force carnival of tongues. References to Rabelais, Shakespeare and Joyce are not misplaced. Here is the soul of a community, and to a degree of a whole culture, exposed by way of speech—with Joubert Jones, hearer and interpreter of voices, as our guide. Now the presentation makes sense—its length, its anecdotal entanglements, its startling juxtaposition of kinds of talk, everything from insult to oratory to late-night philosophizing.

Forrest himself, in an essay titled "In the Light of Likeness—Transformed," directs us to a central source of his vocal inspiration. "As a writer who comes out of a culture steeped in the eloquence of the Oral Tradition," he explains, "I've come to see the Negro preacher as the Bard of the race; and throughout my novels, that rich lode-stone of eloquence has provided me with an important springboard." This is certainly the case in *Divine Days*, a novel that not only takes its name from the defunct church of the scurrilous W. A. D. Ford, but that features at intervals long passages of both religious and secular sermonizing. Forrest gives more than a few preacher characters a platform for their verbal strutting. And Joubert, attending, is rapt:

Deep within their voices I heard that old genesis grain—over, under, around and through; in and out of the window of the time—of the Negro singing voice: bone plucked, hardy, harp-haunted, accusational, grieving, roped off, roped in; fiddle-cracking, grief instructed; time greased, woe-weary, wound-salted down; drum telegraphing, blues baked, hoe-cake fired; lightning mangled, fat-back foxy, bruised-blooded, merriment jangling; box-car coming, whistling and hushed over in Trouble.

So open is Joubert to what he hears that on one occasion, while at a service at the Anchor of Zion Missionary Baptist Church, he jumps to his feet, delirious, fully taken over by what he believes is the spirit of one Reverend Connie Dixon Rivers, all but stealing the show (and thunder) from the Reverend Lightfoot at the pulpit:

... and suddenly I am, me, Joubert Jones, outdoing the visiting preacher's voice (with bloody testifying and confessing Rivers' conversion in tongues of flames, like a man drowned up to his gills in fire water) just as Lightfoot took his sermon to another shrieking layer of climax and tried to razor me down with the signifying bad-eye look in order to offset my gradual takeover of his invitational sermon...

The scene builds and builds, finally exploding into the richest comedy as Joubert faints, and then wakes to find

Autumnal Primer

In the oak glades high above the classrooms
an impromptu exercise in enchantment:
chanterelle, she declaimed, prince among fungi.
And there they were, hanging fire in the loam

like the spot-lit coins a conjuror can pluck
from our very ears. Repeat after me,
chanterelle: so prized among French country folk
hunting parties comb the woods with harnessed swine.

Congeries of lumpish caps, clustered thrusts
of lucid delicacies conjugated out of rot.
Fairy rings, she explained: quorums mustered
after soakings, each crop rekindling its legend.

And on she pressed, blazing the route,
singing out upon each fresh discovery.
Chanterelle, she called. *Chandelier*, I shouted back.
I cupped my earth-caked hands: *chanteuse*.

Who could say where incantation ended
and incandescence began? So reigned
the wantonness of nomenclature; so went
the gleanings of those neon-honey mushrooms.

Truants, repeat after me: slice the flesh crosswise
into aureoles and doubloons. Sauté briskly
and season to taste before any of you remember
to keep a civil tongue in your head.

DAVID BARBER

himself in the solicitous hands of the seven Lockhart Laudermilk sisters, each fatter than the next, and each more covetous of securing Joubert for some extra-ecclesiastical comfort giving.

But while Forrest mines church speechifying for its humorous elements, he also uses the sacred idiom to tap into the reservoir of black spirituality. Indeed, it is finally of first and last things—of the soul entrapped in the confusions of flesh—that he would speak. As he writes in that same essay, trying to come to terms with an epiphany he experienced once while listening to Mahalia Jackson, “all great literature was and is and ever shall be, world without end, amen, about man’s spiritual agony and ascendancy. A spiritual agony that I seemed steeped in, like a child baptized in the chilly waters of the Jordan.” And from its middle on, *Divine Days* mobilizes its vast anecdotal energies on behalf of ultimates.

Taking a few hints from Dostoyevsky, one of the deities in Joubert’s pantheon, Forrest sets up what finally proves to be an epic confrontation between good and evil—between the arduous and solitary search for genuine spiritual understanding and the temptations offered by false prophets. The two principal contenders in the drama, which unfolds in the thoughts and conversations and written meditations of Joubert, are Sugar Groove and W. A. D. Ford.

Years ago, when Joubert was still an adolescent, Sugar Groove had come to Williemain’s barbershop to get his shoes shined. Joubert, then making his money with brushes and rags, was alone in the shop, and Sugar Groove, for whatever reason, chose him to be the hearer of his extraordinary tale. For decades Joubert has kept a lid on what Sugar Groove told him. But now, after his experience in the Anchor of Zion church and his many homecoming encounters, he is ready to puzzle out the story and its implications.

Sugar Groove’s narrative is convoluted—a Faulknerian agon from the deep South—and could not possibly be summarized here. Sugar Groove, we learn, was the illegitimate son of a white landowner and his black servant; the mother died in childbirth. We read of legacies and ghosts, of a beloved half-sister murdered by a jealous brother. Sugar Groove, afraid he will be blamed for the crime, flees North, carrying an illegitimate daughter from his own liaison. But before he leaves he is the victim of a cruel hoax perpetrated by none other than W. A. D. Ford, who in the guise of a medium tells him where he can meet the spirit of his mother—the first salvo in what will turn into a deathly rivalry. Once

he arrives in Forest County, Sugar Groove gives his daughter to a woman named Sweetie Reed to be raised. He sends money but refuses to show his face. Self-exiled from fatherly love, he becomes a rolling stone and ladies’ man, hunting for a connection that continues to elude him.

The conclusion of Sugar Groove’s fabulous story is supplied by hearsay, as well as by a set of revealing documents. Joubert learns that after a long career, at once a search and a piracy, Sugar Groove betook himself to a mountain top:

Sugar Groove up there sought out the meaning of his life.... Sought the radiance of not only the face of God; but more—sought out the radiance from whence all creation poured from, and out of which the Maker Himself was but a manifestation. Sugar Groove also sought to cast off that old skin of aggression and violence, too. Sought to strip himself down to the bone bare essentials so that he could come alive to something that went beyond the bestial to the beautiful to the sublime that is lodged away in the vow of pure poverty.

Sugar Groove dies on the mountain top. At any rate, a body is found—a body from which the eyes have been plucked. Then we learn that Ford himself was known to be on the mountain, and that the two, authentic seeker and spiritual con, had a final stand-off. As Joubert begins to sort this information, pondering it as one would ponder a runic inscription, he gets the news that Imani has killed herself. He is stunned. When he goes to her apartment, he finds her diary. There, in grievous syllables, is depicted another kind of struggle, not so much with spiritual ultimates as with a legacy of violence and personal loss. Imani, he sees, was striving, so long as she could, to transmute her pain, to put it somehow in the service of her people. But then, irony of ironies, the “brother” she had deemed to be one of the genuine keepers of the cause arrives to rescue his cocaine cache from some tribal masks he had given Imani. The face-off, we see, writ large and writ small, is between ideals and their perversion at the hands of the wicked, between the upwardly inclining soul and the terrible gravity of sordid circumstance.

By now it must be clear that no short appreciation can begin to encompass the fugal architectonics of Forrest’s vast work. One after another the voices—aspirant, corrupt, fierce and sorrowful—vie for a place in the would-be dramatist’s comprehending perspective. But while Shakespeare may have possessed an absolute negative capability, Joubert does not. He is not merely gathering material, he is looking for his own

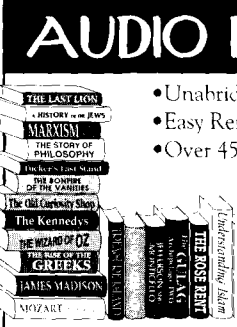
answers, laboring to forge his own identity. He understands at last that he must step aside from the chaotic plenitude of lounge life and face the silent page. He will let himself be guided by the example of Sugar Groove, by his will to remake himself into a vessel for higher truths and by his openness at the end to the guiding powers of love. He will also heed, as much as he is able, the words of Dostoyevsky’s Father Zossima: “Above all, avoid falsehood, every kind of falsehood, especially falseness to yourself. Watch over your own deceitfulness and look into it every hour, every minute.”

Divine Days is that rare thing in our self-conscious and ironic age—a full-out serious work of art. Cumbersome, complex and all-consuming, it asks the reader for a massive commitment. Forrest makes no concessions, apparently thinks nothing of tracking an encounter or a conversation over fifty pages. As if we had nothing better to do! But do we have something better to do, really? How better pass the time than by exposing the soul to a good buffeting, a mighty word storm? Here is a work that runs the octaves, carries us from street jive to the mysterious whisperings of the self in spiritual consultation. The world of the novel—the lore, the histories, the speech idioms—is African American, but its reach, like that of the great literature its author so much admires, extends to all. Forrest may be, as yet, an invisible man, but invisible, as every believer knows, does not mean absent.

SVEN BIRKERTS is the author most recently of *American Energies: Essays on Fiction* (William Morrow).



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WASHINGTON DIARIST

Malaise

MICHAEL LERNER, THE EDITOR OF *Tikkun*, had a chat with Hillary Clinton at the White House last week. According to Martha Sherrill of *The Washington Post*, the two discussed such topics as how to "undermine cynicism" and "the New Republic disease." First reaction: Do I have it? Second reaction: Will it be covered under managed competition? The first lady's hostility was apparently precipitated by an item we ran a few weeks ago (see Notebook, May 3) that asked what (on earth) she meant by her use of the phrase "the politics of meaning" at an April speech at the University of Texas in Austin. Lerner, we pointed out, coined this slogan in his magazine. We might have added that Bill Clinton has been interested in Lerner's ideas for many years. Back in 1988 Clinton wrote to Lerner praising an article of Lerner's in the *Los Angeles Times* called "The Crisis in the Meaning of Life." I know this because Clinton's letter forms the core of *Tikkun*'s current direct mail solicitation. ("INSIDE: A letter from Bill Clinton.") The embrace is a tad cynical on Lerner's own part, since back in September he was writing that Clinton had appropriated the rhetoric but not the substance of his "politics of meaning." But maybe we could work out a Clinton-era pitch of our own: CATCH THE NEW REPUBLIC DISEASE, the appeal might begin. The envelope should appear to contain a tax refund or Social Security check and say in red block letters, "INSIDE: A warning from Hillary Clinton."

OF COURSE, MRS. CLINTON AND Mr. Lerner are not the first to castigate this magazine for its cynicism. It's a frequent complaint, perhaps the most common after the charges that we are pro-Israel and pro-Veep. Michael Lewis even wrote a paean to cynicism in the Nice Issue a few months ago, so perhaps the *Tikkun*niks have a point. The point, however, is that our dominant attitude is not cynicism, but skepticism, and that there is a difference between the two. In politics, the cynic believes people who seek office are inherently corrupt. The skeptic wants to keep an eye on them. The cynic believes no good can come from government and is secretly pleased when

it fails. The skeptic believes democratic government can do good, but that in the real world it often fails to; he wants to support its best impulses. Mencken was a cynic. Orwell was a skeptic. A truly cynical press, as embodied in the tabloids of New York or London, is a corrosive force in a democracy. A skeptical press is a sign of rude health. And based on what Hillary Clinton said in Austin, it's a good moment for a heavy dose.

"THE '80S WERE ABOUT ACQUIRING—acquiring wealth, power, prestige," Mrs. Clinton said, quoting Lee Atwater. "I know. I acquired more wealth, power and prestige than most. But you can acquire all you want and still feel empty. What power wouldn't I trade for a little more time with my family? What price wouldn't I pay for an evening with friends? It took a deathly illness to put me eye-to-eye with that truth, but it is a truth that the country, caught up in its ruthless ambitions and moral decay, can learn on my dime." This sermon was disingenuous when Atwater gave it in *Life* magazine, and it's just as irritating coming from Hillary Rodham Clinton. Atwater, who had a lot to apologize for, dressed up his confession as social criticism. Now the first lady is doing the same thing, telling us that "we lack at some core level meaning in our individual lives and meaning collectively." If she wants to talk about the discontents of her own climb, and the spiritual emptiness *she* feels, congratulations to her for rare candor. But her yuppie awakening doesn't mean everyone else is a moral failure. Usually, Democratic occupants of the White House don't go in for this sort of stuff until they've spun their wheels for a while. Jimmy Carter's "malaise" speech was given in July 1979, nearly three years after he was elected. One hundred days, and Mrs. Clinton is already working on "redefining who we are as human beings in this postmodern age." Carter's outburst was, in fact, not just similar but the same speech. "Human identity is no longer defined by what one does, but by what one owns," he said. "But we've discovered that owning things and consuming things does not satisfy our longing for meaning." Carter has since found work that better satisfies his spiritual thirst; the malaise speech now reads as the cry for help of a frustrated roofer. But if the occupants of the White House aren't just loosing their personal crises on the rest of us, and really mean to do something about our deficiencies, it's time to worry. If she's serious, we may

soon buy Clinton's claim that she's not an old-fashioned, rights-based liberal at all. And we may find ourselves wishing she were one.

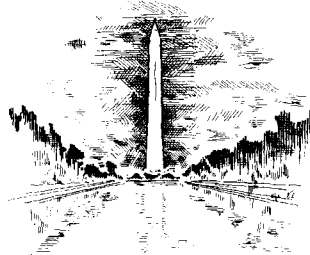
A FRIEND ASKED OVER LUNCH THE other day whether it was now offensive to use the word "queer." I admitted not knowing whether gays would be put off by it or not. Of course, homosexuals use it themselves, as in organizational names like "Queer Nation." But like other traditionally derogatory, now vogue terms, it's still off-limits for the uncredentialed. At one time, the liberal use of neo-offensive epithets seemed a welcome

rejoinder to the self-parodying lingo of victimology, which produced such gems as "differently-abled" and Jesse Jackson's speech at the 1984 Democratic Convention, when he said our inclusiveness must extend not only to

red Americans, brown Americans and yellow Americans, but to "chrome Americans" as well. But the lexicon of homosexuality now seems to combine the worst of both kinds of p.c., trying to be shocking and sensitive at the same time. Will the culture ever recover from phrases like "queers of color" and "Latino fag"? The new discourse is so esoteric that those in the in-group can utter no wrong and those in the out-group have no hope of saying anything right. The official program for the big gay march on Washington was a case in point. It included biographies of organizers and speakers, like Carmen Vasquez, "an avowed butch Puertorican lesbian socialist" and Barbara Dinnerstein, described as a "Deafened, Jewish Dyke." (Was that a result of "deafening Jewish dykes"?) If Pat Buchanan called someone that he'd be fired three times. Or at least twice.

THEN AGAIN, SOME PEOPLE DON'T worry about what others think. Take Jesse Helms, who is trying to block the confirmation of Roberta Achtenberg as HUD assistant secretary for fair housing because she is gay. "She is not your garden-variety lesbian. She is a militant-activist-mean lesbian, working her whole career to advance the homosexual agenda," Helms told the A.P. When a reporter from the *San Francisco Chronicle* called to follow up, a staffer barked, "We don't talk to the homo San Francisco press," and slammed down the phone. The Helms people should be careful. You can deafen garden-variety reporters that way.

JACOB WEISBERG



On Health Care Reform...

We Agree with America's Governors.

*We believe in
immediate and
fundamental reform
of America's
health care system.*



*That's why we join the
National Governors' Association
and many others
in endorsing
"managed competition"
as the best way to
restructure that system.*



*We are working with
the President, the Congress,
our nation's Governors
and others to make
"managed competition"
a reality.*



*We believe in
fundamental change.*

- ◆ Cover pre-existing conditions.
- ◆ Coverage must be portable.
- ◆ No cancellation due to illness.
- ◆ Choice of providers.
- ◆ Comprehensive benefits package.
- ◆ Certify health plans on ability to control costs.
- ◆ Establish real quality standards for providers.
- ◆ Purchasing pools for small business.
- ◆ Stiffen penalties for health care fraud.
- ◆ Immunize America's children.
- ◆ Reduce unnecessary paperwork.
- ◆ Expand preventive care.
- ◆ Enact medical malpractice reform.
- ◆ Cover all low-income Americans.

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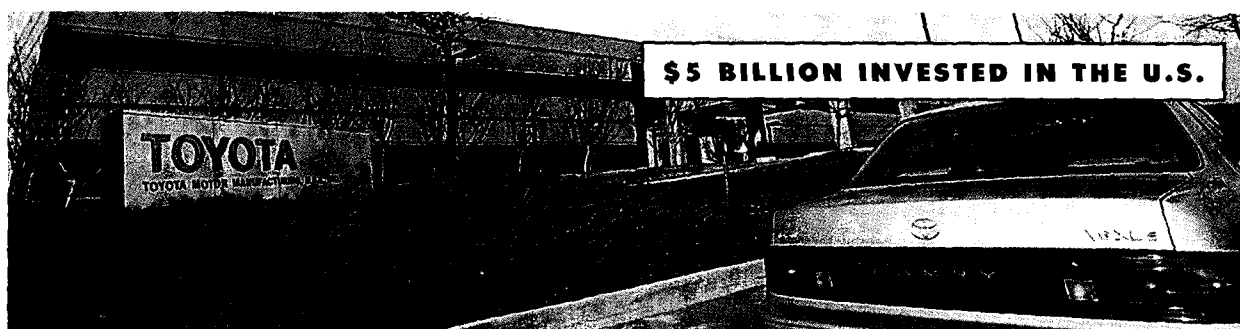
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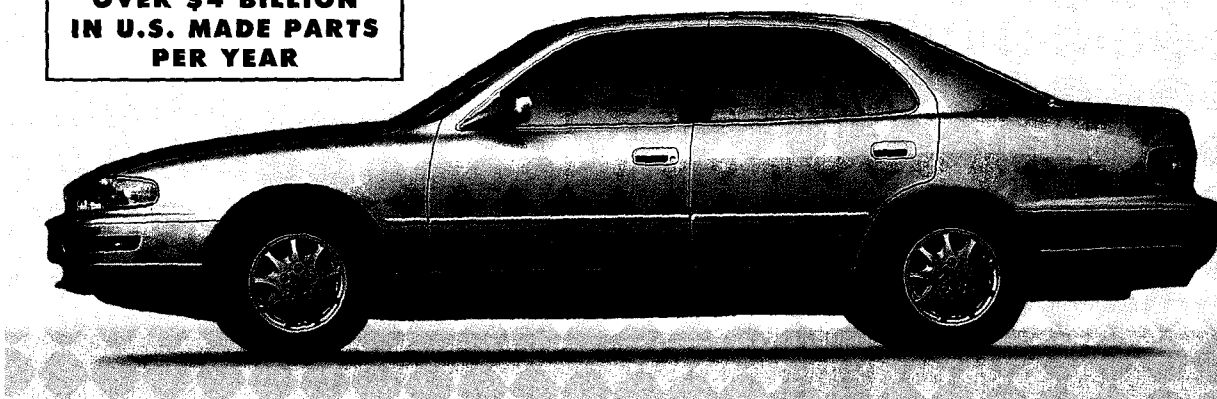
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